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Looking Forward

TO PERCEIVE the way the world is going these days, it is necessary only to read the headlines in the newspapers. International Bank, World Court, Naval Limitations Conference, League of Nations.

ALREADY THE "foreign entanglements" about which Woodrow Wilson's critics became so excited have a strange, Victorian sound. Instead, those who always view with alarm are beginning now to mutter phrases about the "capitalistic world state." The truth is, lending money and selling goods to foreigners have got us into precisely that situation into which we insisted politics could never force us. Frenchmen raise tariffs against American automobiles and Americans sit before their radios and listen to Christmas greetings from London—and few people realize how immensely the world has changed in ten years.

ONE OF THE most dramatic evidences of this change is the new international bank about which Mr. Jonathan Mitchell writes in this issue. In our opinion, twenty minutes spent in reading this article will tell you more about this subject than you can get in a day's newspaper reading.

AS A MATTER of fact, it is merely the first of a series of papers which we will print during January to make clear the international changes of the last ten years. Following it, next week, will come Mr. Wickham Steed's article on what the League of Nations has accomplished and endured since 1919. Directly after his paper will begin Henry Kittredge Norton's articles on the London Naval Conference and the definite points at issue there.

OUR OBJECT, naturally, in printing these articles is to provide our readers with the real facts about the present day international world. Since at the present time our country is content to depend upon public opinion to check international violence, it is vital that all of us be informed.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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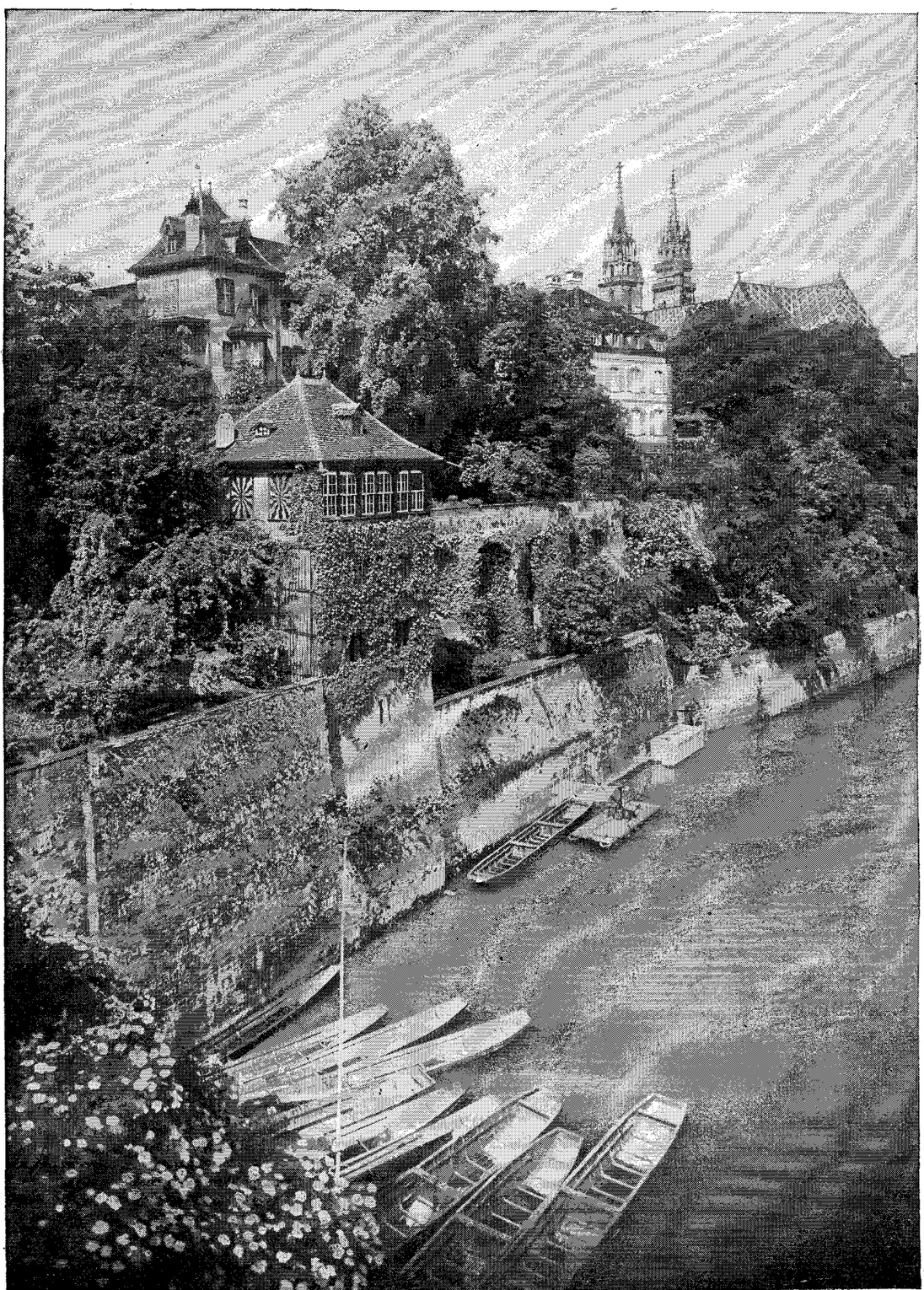

Courtesy Swiss Federal Railways

BASLE ON THE RHINE

In the background may be seen the historic Münster

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Outlook
and Independent
January 8, 1930

The New World Bank

A Financial Weapon for Peace

By JONATHAN MITCHELL

Statesmen from the principal governments of Europe, and an American observer, are now in session at the Hague. They are considering the new Young plan for the payment of German reparations. If the proposed bank of international settlements results from their conference, the greatest force for peace in the history of the world may have been established. Its influence will be incomparably greater than that of the League of Nations. Mr. Mitchell, who for several years was London correspondent for the New York "World," here presents the momentous possibilities of a bank having at its command "Troops—troops of prime negotiable paper and gold"

WE ARE about to witness the start of a highly romantic adventure. It is proposed to set up an extraordinary kind of bank, one which will seek to unify the money power of the world. Nothing like it has ever been attempted before. No one knows, exactly, what is going to happen. The possibilities of the bank are enormous. For one thing, it may become, in time, a greater guarantee of peace than the Kellogg Pact, the League of Nations and Senator William E. Borah, all rolled into one.

At the present moment, a number of statesmen, representing the principal governments of Europe, and an American observer, are meeting at The Hague, in Holland. They have before them, for their consideration, a plan for the future payment of German reparations. The plan was drawn up, many months ago, by Mr. Owen D. Young and his committee of bankers, and the creation of this new international bank is the most important, and the most hopeful, thing about it.

When most of these same statesmen met, last summer, at The Hague, they fell to quarreling. One particularly irascible old gentleman, the Right Hon. Philip Snowden, had decided that France was cheating England. The amount involved was not large. As Mr. Snowden explained, it was the principle of the thing that he cared about. After several weeks, the conference was forced to adjourn without taking final action.

Now, at this time of year, The Hague is a cold, damp spot, conducive to asthma and chilblains. Living in strange hotels is, at best, a very trying experience for elderly people. The delegates at The Hague, it is safe to predict, will find new things to quarrel about. Like most other great projects, the international bank is having a hard time in being born.

According to present plans, the new bank, as soon as it is authorized, is to begin business in a medieval guildhall in Basle, Switzerland. Basle represents the choice of desperation. The English, for a long while, insisted upon London, and the Belgians, even now, would like to see the bank transferred to Brussels. The bank's name will be the Bank of International Settlements, and its first president, almost certainly, will be an American. This will be partly because we are the richest country in the world, and partly because the choice of an American will not stir up European jealousies.

Under an American régime, probably, the old guildhall at Basle will soon begin to rattle and clank with the noise of typewriters and adding machines. Very likely there will be onyx penholders on every desk, with fountain pens sticking upright in them, and souvenir blotters, and uniformed attendants whose motto is courtesy. Such things, at first, may be viewed with suspicion. Sound banking practice, in Europe, has always demanded clerks with inkspots on them, calf-bound ledgers, and a general air of mustiness.

Down in the cellars of the guildhall will be vaults with great circular doors, with bolts of burnished steel and all sorts of electric alarm bells. The American president of the Bank, in his office above, may find himself in time—although this is not certain—sitting on the biggest pile of gold ever brought together.

The Bank of International Settlements will have, at the start, the equivalent of $25,000,000 in capital. It will have deposits of at least a half a billion. Its deposits, and its prestige, ought to increase rapidly. Suppose, after it has become thoroughly established, some nation begins preparing for war. For the sake of concreteness, suppose this nation is Italy, a very beautiful country, with a very bellicose government. Mussolini, wearing breeches and carrying a braided leather riding crop, is striding swiftly up and down his offices in the Chigi Palace, and thinking about dispatching an ultimatum, and ordering the im-

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mediate mobilization of the Italian fleet.

A first-class modern war is bound to cost him a great deal of money. There are only a very few places where Mussolini can turn for funds. If England, by any remote chance, happens to be his ally, he can apply to the British Government. Failing a rich ally, he will be compelled to approach the great private banking houses of Europe and America. He will need to secure the participation of a considerable number of these, further more, before a loan can be completed.

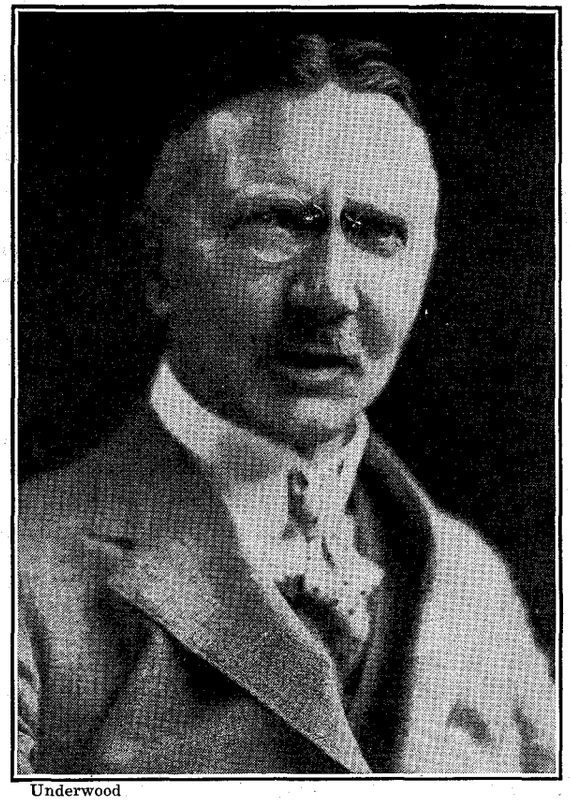
There will have to be long, delicate negotiations, and, while these negotiations are going on, the American president of the Bank of International Settlements, in his distant guildhall at Basle, will very likely be in a position to exercise a good deal of influence. It is perfectly conceivable that, if he wants to, he can pick up the telephone on his desk, and, by means of a few guarded conversations, prevent Mussolini's war loan from ever being made.

It is worth taking some time to see how the Bank of International Settlements came to be thought of, in the first place, and exactly what, in addition to the handling of German reparations, it is designed to do. The idea of a world bank, like the idea of outlawing war, seems to have occurred to a number of people at about the same time. The only thing certain about the authorship of the Kellogg Peace Pact, to judge from the conflicting claims, is that ex-Secretary of State Kellogg had nothing to do with it. Similarly, Mr. Owen D. Young is the only person, almost, who has not received credit for the world bank.

A good share of the credit for a world bank unquestionably should go to an American, Mr. Frank J. Dolan. Mr. Dolan is comparatively young, is a business man, and his home is in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. In the early spring of 1927, he was living at Villefranche, on the French Riviera. There, in his peaceful retirement, he began to worry about the chaotic miseries of Europe. He learned that Col. Edward M. House was stopping nearby at Cannes, and went to see him.

Mr. Dolan took with him tentative plans for a world bank. This was something after Col. House's own heart, for it meant visiting a great number of important people, and talking. He gave Mr. Dolan his blessing and promised to help. Later in Paris, Mr. Dolan talked with Mr. Frederick H. Allen, of Pelham Manor, N. Y., a confidante of Col. House, and one of the people who, years ago, worked on plans for our Federal Reserve system.

Within the next few weeks, these three men managed to see all the important bankers of Europe and America, a prodigious labor of love.



Underwood

IMPERIOUS CHIEF OF THE REICHSBANK

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht who is generally credited with the creation of the world bank

Most of the running about was done by Mr. Dolan. According to a recent statement of Mr. Allen, Mr. Dolan was received very coldly in England. The Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, chairman of the Midland Bank, bluntly informed him that he was not interested. The Five Great Banks of London, in the opinion of the English bankers with whom Mr. Dolan conferred, were perfectly competent to arrange for the financing of the world, and no new bank was needed.

Oddly enough, the one Englishman to welcome the idea of a world bank was Mr. Philip Snowden. He was, at that time, one of the members of His Majesty's Opposition, and without responsibilities. Mr. Snowden stated, on June 30, 1927, in the London press, that a world bank "could be the most powerful instrument ever created for commercial prosperity and for world peace. The interlocking and interdependence of financial interests among nations is the greatest of all deterrents to war, and of waste of resources on the preparations for war."

This is the only time, as far as is known, that the political implications of the world bank have been frankly and publicly recognized.

In Berlin, Mr. Dolan was enthusiastically greeted by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the bullet-headed, imperious chief of the German *Reichsbank*. To quote Mr. Allen, Dr. Schacht exclaimed excitedly: "That is exactly what Germany wants." It is possible that Dr. Schacht, himself, had already considered the idea of a world bank. At any rate, when the Young Committee was convened in Paris, nearly two years later, Dr. Schacht appeared with completely formulated proposals for a bank, and insisted, with great vigor, that these proposals be adopted. Among American bankers familiar with the work of the Young Committee, the creation of the world bank is generally credited to Dr. Schacht.

Dr. Schacht's proposals provided for a bank which was to issue banknotes of its own, establish an official discount rate, and hold an enormous gold reserve. The experts of the formerly Allied nations took immediate alarm. They feared that Dr. Schacht was plotting some financial hocus-pocus by which he could inflate their national currencies, and thus, in some degree, escape paying reparations. His plan for a bank was ruthlessly emasculated. The final result, arrived at after much stormy debate, is the present Bank of International Settlements. The actual drafting of that section of the Young Plan which deals with the Bank was largely done by M. de Sanctis, a former official of the French Treasury. Throughout the Paris conference, M. de Sanctis acted as technical advisor to the American delegation.

One American banker, in private conversation, compares the Bank of International Settlements to the League of

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Nations. The League, he points out, cannot levy taxes, and cannot raise armies. Neither can the Bank of International Settlements issue currency, nor fix a world-wide discount rate. They are both, from this banker's point of view, safe institutions. With some satisfaction, he remarked that the United States and Great Britain, as long as they had the largest military forces in the world, and most of the gold, would continue to run things, and neither the League nor the Bank could interfere.

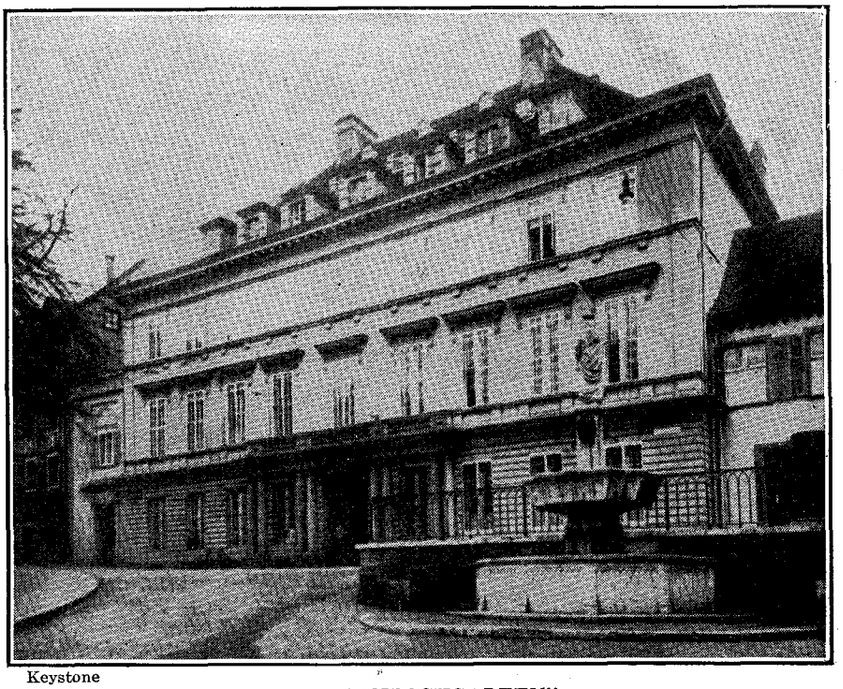
This comparison with the League, in the opinion of many experts, although it has been frequently made, is less than fair to the Bank. The Bank promises to be an infinitely more effective institution. For one thing, at Basle, a simple majority of the Board of Directors is all that is necessary for a policy to be approved and acted upon. The minority, once a vote has been taken, must submit. At Geneva, one nation alone, no matter how small and insignificant it is, can hold up the whole show, as Poland, at the present time, is holding up the work of the League's Economic Conference, in defiance of England, France and most of the other nations of the world.

Between meetings of the Board of Directors, the president of the Bank will have large powers to go ahead as he thinks best. The League, with all respect to its permanent Secretariat, practically ceases to function when the Council and Assembly are not in session.

The Bank not only will be able to act far more quickly and decisively than the League, in times of economic or political crisis, but—and this is very important—it will have much more incentive to act. In the words of the Young Plan, the Bank "should prove a useful instrument for opening up new fields of commerce, of supply and demand, and thus help to solve Germany's special problem, without encroaching on the activities of existing institutions." In other words, it will be the Bank's job to help build up Germany's export trade, and, generally, the export trade of the world.

The Bank will have increasingly large resources with which to do this. It is expected to make profits, part of which will go to Germany, and will be used to reduce the last twenty-two reparations payments, from 1966 to 1988. The rest of its profits, however, after small annual dividends have been paid, are to go into the general reserve of the Bank. It will have heavy deposits, almost certainly, from Germany. Most other nations will maintain at least small balances. Unlike the League, the Bank will have troops—troops of prime negotiable paper and gold—at its command. Its money will be on loan in many different countries, and it will have interests, which it is bound to protect, in every corner of the globe.

When there is trouble brewing, the Bank will have to act, to safeguard its own material interests. Almost the reverse is true of the League and its officials, as, unfortunately, events have proved. The League exists by the good will of fifty-three sovereign nations, and, in time of crisis, the League officials have every incentive not to act, for, whatever they do, they can hardly avoid offending some one.



Keystone

"ZUM KIRSCHGARTEN"

The medieval guildhall in Basle, Switzerland where the new bank will probably begin business

A short time ago, Mr. Edward N. Hurley, war-time chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, proposed a plan for peace. Modern warfare, he said, depends upon a prompt and uninterrupted supply of raw materials—steel, oil, rubber, chemicals, copper and coal. The world's supply of these materials is controlled by very small groups of men. Two men, Mr. Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and Sir Henri Deterding, head of the Royal Dutch Shell Corporation of Great Britain, to quote Mr. Hurley, "can say whether automobiles and airplanes shall continue to move, and whether the machinery of the world shall continue to produce goods, or be stopped by friction."

If these small groups of men, Mr. Hurley argued, would refuse to supply raw materials to belligerent nations, there would be no more war. Mr. Hurley named, probably to their huge embarrassment, the twenty or thirty men who, in his opinion, have it within their power to banish war forever.

No banker appears upon Mr. Hurley's list, which is surprising, for there are certain great banking houses which have a good deal to say about the conduct of our basic industries. Mr. Henry Ford is probably the only outstanding industrialist in the world who does not do more or less what his bankers advise. In most cases, bankers and industrialists work together very amicably, but when there is a dispute, the bankers always win, as Mr. William C. Durant, who had the control of the General Motors Corporation taken away from him, has reason to know. It is the bankers, rather than Mr. Hurley's industrialists, who direct our economic life.

If the bankers of the world should adopt Mr. Hurley's scheme, bury their records in some dry, secluded spot, and parade the streets with banners read-

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ing, "We Want Peace," there is no nation, nor group of nations, the governments of which could stand against them. No ships loaded with raw materials would sail, and no factories would manufacture munitions. More serious, the citizenry would get no pay-checks and anarchy and revolution would overthrow war-seeking rulers. There is, however, no immediate prospect of the bankers of the world suddenly going pacifist. In the past, bankers have shown themselves just as fervently nationalistic as any other group of citizens, and in wartime, have made handsome profits.

From now on, however, there will be one banker—the president of the Bank of International Settlements—who will not be able to be patriotic, at least as a banker. He will be a banker without a country. Fifty-six per cent of the shares of his bank are to be owned by the central banks of England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan and Belgium, and by some designated private bank in the United States. The remaining forty-four per cent of the shares will be distributed among the central banks of eleven smaller nations.

LEGALLY, the Bank of International Settlements will be a sort of an international What-Is-It. The best precedent for an institution like this seems to be the Danube River Commission, which the World Court recently, in Advisory Opinion No. 14, has decided is "a kind of little state." The only allegiance which the Bank would owe, in time of war, would be to itself, and to the economic stability and prosperity of the world.

War, from the standpoint of the whole world, is very bad for banking, and for commerce and industry. Bankers in London and New York City made huge commissions during the last war, but other bankers in Germany and Austria lost all they possessed. The prosperity of the Bank of International Settlements, obviously, depends upon the prosperity of banks everywhere. The self-interest of the Bank—except conceivably in the case of a war with Russia, where banking is not thought much of—would inevitably be on the side of peace.

What is more, the self-interest of the Bank of International Settlements would not only be against war, but it would be against the preparations for war. Nations do not go to war all of a sudden. The example of Mussolini, and his imaginary ultimatum, was, admittedly, very much over-simplified. Long before an ultimatum was ever thought of, there would have to be a period of arming, on the part of Italy, and on the part of Italy's neighbors. Just such a period of arming is going on at the present time among the nations of the world, including the United States, and Mr. Hoover's forthcoming naval conference in London holds out little promise that less money is to be spent on armaments in the immediate future.

THIS WORLD wide outlay for future war is one of the most serious problems which a president of the Bank of International Settlements, intent upon reviving world trade, will have to face. One country, Spain, because of its military expenditures, has been brought recently close to bankruptcy. Ever since the Riff wars of 1923-4, Spanish governmental finances have been in an unsatisfactory condition, currency has been unstable, and commerce and industry have suffered. World trade with Spain has suffered worst of all.

This is one of the things which the president of the new world bank, presumably, will want to do something about. As a matter of fact, ordinary commercial bankers, whose clients are accustomed to have dealings with Spain, have already protested to the Spanish governmental authorities, and Señor Primo de Rivera, as a result, has made great efforts to cut the army's budget, and to increase expenditures on economically productive public works. The bankers who framed the Young Plan, to take another instance of what bankers can and have done for disarmament, left no margin in future German budgets for the building of any more cruisers like the Ersatz Pruessen. Bankers have already accomplished, as far as actual results go, more for peace than M. Briand, Herr von Bernstorff, and all the speech-makers at Geneva.

The influence which bankers, up to now, have exerted for peace has been haphazard. The new president of the Bank of International Settlements will have to attack the problem systematically. It will be his business to see that the nations spend as little as possible on soldiers and submarines. This will be a considerable task.

The case of the three nations which compose the Little Entente will illustrate the difficulties which he will encounter. They have all spent more than they probably can afford on arms. They have been able to do this because, as military allies of France, they have been able to borrow repeatedly from French banking houses. The direct result of these loans is the heavy taxation, and, to some extent, the high tariff walls, which now are holding up the economic development of the Balkans. This ought to be a rich market for Germany's export trade, and it is not.

From the standpoint of the Bank of International Settlements, these loans are a very bad thing, and no more like them ought to be made. But when the president of the Bank meets with his Board of Directors, he will doubtless find that M. Moreau, the venerable head of the *Banque de France,* will consider, as a patriotic Frenchman and ally of the Little Entente, that these loans have been amply justified by the arms expenditures made openly by Italy, and, secretly, by Hungary. With this opinion, Dr. Pirelli, of the *Banca d'Italia,* can be expected to disagree violently. Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, whose country has a benevolent interest in Italy, will doubtless side with Dr. Pirelli, and the Belgian Director will be certain to come to the aid of M. Moreau.

In such a case, the American president of the Bank, if he is bold and resourceful, will have a good chance of persuading his Directors to adopt his own view—that all governmental loans for unproductive purposes ought to be discouraged as being, among other things, bad for the bank. If he should succeed in having this policy adopted, the president would then be in a position to talk to the syndicates of private bankers, who are the ones who actually make loans to foreign governments.

THE WORLD banking system is something—not very much—like the three-layer cake, with jelly between the layers, which is served at church socials, or at least used to be. The top layer is the proposed Bank of International Settlements. The middle layer is composed of the great central banks of Europe, each of which will have representatives on the Board of Directors of the Bank of International Settlements. Our own central bank, the Federal Reserve Bank in Washington, will be represented unofficially by two American Directors. The bottom layer of the world banking system is made up of

(Please Turn to Page 79)

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Education in the South

By EDGAR W. KNIGHT

"Disguise the truth as we may," says the author, "throw the blame wherever we will . . . whatever the cause of the South's backwardness in education, the affliction itself stifles industry, represses effort, discourages enterprise, weakens the desire for excellence, and makes us satisfied with second-rate achievements." Mr. Knight, himself a southerner, teaches in the University of North Carolina

"THE SOUTH expects now and then to hear from the North slander of her institutions and contemptuous references to her benightedness. She does not, however, expect southerners of intelligence to go North and malign her. . . . That is what a speaker undertook to do the other day when he addressed three thousand summer school students at Columbia University. . . . He either is utterly unfamiliar with what the South is doing in respect to education or he is of the type that are willing to malign their people for the sake of the applause it will get them. . . ."

These sentences, from an editorial in a prominent paper of one of the South's most prominent cities, show how vigorously we southerners resent any criticisms of our section of the country. When any one, even a southerner, suggests that the southern states are not educationally advanced, that they appear to be somewhat afflicted with lassitude and complacency and with tendencies to boasting and sensitiveness to criticism, the professional southerner, a part of the press, and some schoolmen of that section stir themselves through protest and work themselves into a lather through bitter denunciations and denials and indulgence in personalities. Not all, of course, but many of them ridicule the criticism and then turn quickly to tear into the critic, who is generally described as "viciously impolite," "a sort of common scold engaged in telling us how remiss we are," and "given over entirely to vitriolic criticism and backbiting." He is likely to find himself out of love and charity with some of his neighbors and is lucky if he escapes with his hide. The editorial sentences and phrases quoted above flamed forth in reply to a brief talk which a southern teacher made to several hundred other southern teachers and students. He produced evidence from official records sufficient to show that the states which formed the Confederacy were low in education, when measured by national standards, although the educational progress of the South, measured by its own past record, has been almost phenomenal in recent years. To that achievement, in which every well informed person takes pride, he called especial attention. But he expressed the opinion that the southern states still were educationally below national standards in part because "we southern people have a distaste for sustained effort at educational and intellectual tasks and in part because we have become intoxicated with our own prosperity and progress; that we work too little and brag too much; and that we must increase our respect for thoroughness and our desire for excellence and learn that the exaggerated claims of progress, so often made by influential leaders in the southern states, are frequently interpreted as actual defences of our educational deficiencies."

The report of the speech promptly provoked a flood of comment from the South. A few editors believed that a frank description of southern shortcomings was "bitter but good medicine," that plenty of free discussion was needed "against the forces of intellectual sloth and of complacency over things done while so much remains to be done," that "we must get rid of the false notion that we have already attained perfection," that "we have not done a great deal to cure the obvious defects pointed out," and that "we may as well face the facts and get busy!"

But not all were of this mind. Many editors and some educators protested, and some showed thin skins and a considerable company showed a peculiar fondness for red herring.

Notwithstanding protests and denials, the facts are as stated and no one has yet refuted the statements. More distressing still, no one can refute them. The truth is that general education in the southern states, in spite of its advance, is at a lower level than it is in any other part of the United States; and no amount of denial can conceal the fact from any one who is at all familiar with the conditions.

The deficiency is conspicuous in the amount of educational opportunity which the southern states provide. The average annual school term of all the forty-eight states is greater by a school month and a half, that is, by thirty days each year, than the annual term provided by the southern states; and if the comparison is between the southern and the remaining states the difference is even larger. The annual school term of the most backward of the southern states is shorter by three months than the terms provided by the most advanced states. In schools in some southern states the term is five months or one hundred days a year; and a third of the children in the state that is probably the most advanced of all the southern group have opportunity for only six months' schooling a year. These children receive only two-thirds as much schooling as those in educationally advanced states. Moreover, the quality of their education is probably inferior because poorly trained and ineffective teachers gravitate to the schools with short terms.

The evils of short school terms and ineffective, dispiriting teachers are revealed in the attendance of children at school. The percentage of non-attendance is higher in the southern states than elsewhere in the country, a condition that is due in part to defective compulsory school attendance and child labor legislation. Each child enrolled in school in these states attends annually only seventy-two per cent as many days as the average child in the entire United States. The average southern child receives two years of schooling less than the average child in the United States. And, again, if the comparison is between the southern and the other states the difference is even larger in favor of the child outside the South.

The southern states are below national standards in the salaries of teachers in elementary, secondary, and normal schools and in the higher institutions. The average annual salaries of supervisors, principals, and teachers are about sixty per cent as large in these states as the average for the country as a whole. In a few southern states the salaries are only half and in one only a little more than a third as

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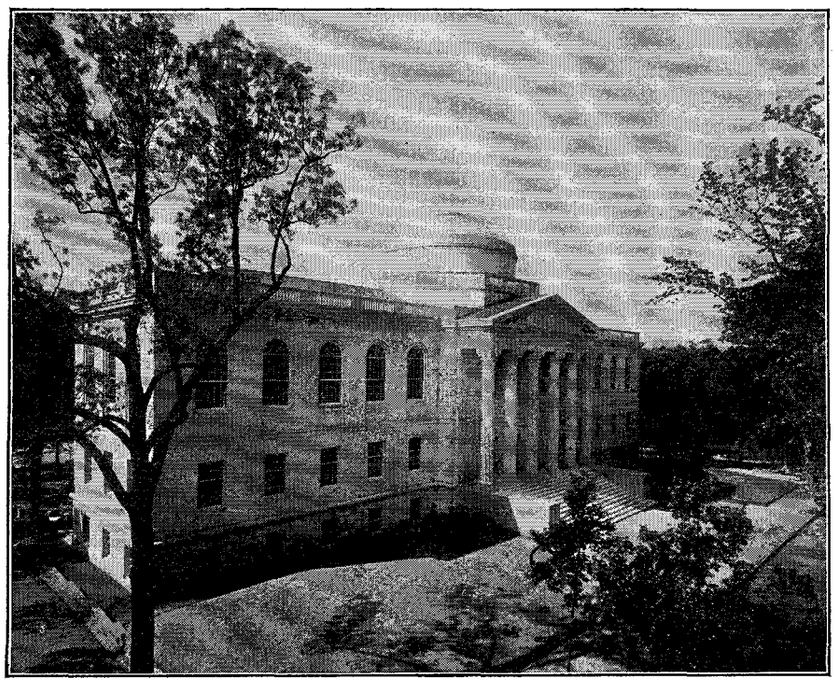
large as in the entire United States. The states outside the South most advanced in this particular are rewarding their teachers more than four times as well as is the least advanced state in the South. The southern states are below national standards in facilities for the training of teachers, and are also deficient in the physical equipment of schools. In the average value of school property per student enrolled the southern states provide for their children only about half as well as the country at large. In total expenditures per pupil in attendance upon public elementary and secondary schools these states do a little more than half as well as the average for all the forty-eight states. In the percentage of children in high school many of the southern states are at the bottom of the list. It is estimated that nearly a half million southern white children do not have access to high school advantages of any kind. And studies in one representative southern state reveal that its high school graduates are less well educated than first year high school students in states with adequate school terms and well trained and well paid teachers.

The evil effect of this difference in amount of schooling may be seen also even among many college students. One representative higher educational institution in the South has found that most of its freshmen enter quite unprepared in the elements of English composition and approximately forty per cent of them are so deficient that they cannot be admitted to Freshmen English until they have taken a more elementary course consisting of work that should be done in the secondary schools. The institution has also discovered that its average freshman exhibits a stage of educational progress which, measured by national standards, is normal for second-year high school students and that some of the less well-prepared freshmen "actually write like pupils in the fourth or fifth grade." Higher educational institutions in other parts of the United States are probably afflicted with some freshmen who take liberties with the language and exhibit also other evidences of illiteracy. But if the reports are correct, the southern states are most conspicuous for this grievous distress and for the position which they occupy below national standards in other educational matters.



NEW LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Built entirely from public funds at a cost of $625,000

But sheer or near illiteracy is not confined to the college campus. Its blight spreads to wider areas. One-tenth of the native white adult population of a state which claims to be the leader in the South are illiterate. Two hundred and sixty thousand native born white women, in sheer illiteracy, are reported in the eleven southern states, and 115,000 of these are in Louisiana, North Carolina, and Tennessee. And there is an equal or even larger number of native southern white men who have been forgotten in the same suffocating loneliness.

The southern states also rank far below national standards in libraries. In public libraries they are at the bottom of the list. Forty-three per cent of the population of the United States are reported to be without public library facilities, but seventy-one per cent of the people in the South are without such facilities. The average per capita expenditure for public library service in the United States is about thirty-three cents. In the southern states the per capita expenditure ranges from two cents in the state that does least to eighteen cents in the state that does most for public libraries. The average per capita circulation of public library books is five times larger in the United States than in the southern states. In this respect the typical southern state is doing one-sixteenth as well as California, one-tenth as well as Massachusetts, one-eighth as well as Indiana, and one-sixth as well as Illinois and Iowa. For every inhabitant of the United States there is available about two-thirds of a public library book. In Massachusetts there are two and one-fourth such books, but in some southern states there is only one-sixteenth of a public library book available for each inhabitant.

According to the latest published statistics, the people of at least four southern states have in their garages more automobiles than books in their public libraries; and in at least one of these states the increase in automobiles during the last five years has exceeded the increase in public library books. Only about fifty counties in the South have county libraries with truck or deposit station service for every community and person in such counties, while forty-six of the fifty-eight counties in California alone are provided with such service. Except for school textbooks the southern states are the leanest book markets in the United States. As readers of the leading national magazines they rank at the bottom, and as readers of newspapers the country at large makes almost a three-fold better showing than the southern states. By these exhibits it appears that the taste of southerners does not run to literature.

In college libraries, whether private, denominational, or state-supported, the deficiency is also conspicuous. The southern states are doing in this re-

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spect only one-fourth as well as the country as a whole. Connecticut has in its college and university libraries eight times more books than North Carolina and twenty times more than Arkansas. The University of Illinois expended for books for its library in 1927-28 more money than the combined expenditures for the same purpose by the universities of nine southern states: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia; so did the University of Michigan; and Harvard University alone expended for books for its library that year more than was spent for the same purpose by the universities of all the eleven strictly southern states. The libraries of the University of California and the University of Illinois contain 160,000 more volumes than the libraries of all the southern state universities. Harvard has twice as many books as all these eleven universities; and the library of that institution added to its huge collection last year more books than three southern state universities have collected in their libraries since their establishment.

These facts show a serious lack of opportunities for graduate study in the South, which is not yet strong in the power to attract scholars and to encourage research. It is a matter of record that, when measured by national standards, not a single graduate school in the entire South can take first rank, although three or four universities are making encouraging advances. Overdue is the cultural debt of that section to the eastern and western states upon which students from the southern states have so long had to depend for first-rate graduate opportunities.

The neglect of the southern states to establish and maintain adequate educational facilities under public support and control helps to perpetuate that section as a very fertile field for a zealous but sometimes visionary missionary effort. An incomplete list shows more than one hundred schools maintained in seven of the southern states largely by religious and philanthropic organizations. A complete report from the entire South would probably show a great many more.

Many counties, not only in Virginia but in other parts of the South, doubtless have conditions similar to those President Hoover discovered near his camp on the Rapidan River in Madison County, where Ray Burraker took the famous 'possum. Two-thirds of the twenty-nine schools in that county are one-room schools, and "the average salary of white teachers in the county is below the average for all teachers, both white and colored, in the State," reported a careful correspondent to the New York *Times*. He added that the Virginia department of education "blames the indifference of mountain parents for the conditions that exist. Such an explanation merely emphasizes the vicious circle through which illiterate parents pass on their own heritage to their children, a circle that can hardly be broken without more and better schools and a more rigid enforcement of the attendance laws." The conditions aroused the sympathies of Mr. Hoover, who decided to initiate a move looking to the education of the neglected children in the region surrounding his camp. If enough men as able and as kindly disposed as the President could be induced to establish summer camps in the South perhaps many of the educational obligations which southern states have failed to meet fully could be discharged and the underprivileged children could be given the educational opportunity promised by their state constitutions. If the educational requirements of these constitutions were properly observed little need would exist in the South for the numerous "St. Peter's-in-the-Mountains" or "St. Mary's-in-the-Woods" schools.

THERE ARE those who believe that the climate is enervating and makes for lassitude among the people in the South "where plenty and a warm sun confirm them in their disposition to laziness for their whole lives," as Colonel William Byrd wrote of North Carolinians just two hundred years ago. But not all agree on this. One editor recently declared that "Nothing could be farther from the truth." The South, he said, "has almost every variety of climate that man can desire," a longer daylight period during the winter, a shorter daylight period during the summer, longer summers than the North and West, and the highest mountain peaks east of the Rocky Mountains. "Tens of thousands of people," he reported, from the unblessed North and West, "and from Canada, unhesitatingly say that they prefer, for instance, the climate of Florida during the summer to that of their former homes." And he disclosed the secret that God has always made a point of selecting warm climates in which to build the highest civilizations and to grow the greatest leaders.

While he is recommending the climate of the South, some of the drawbacks of that section upon which opinion is not sharply divided may be considered. The South is the most rural part of the entire United States. About seventy-two per cent of its population live on farms and in towns with fewer than 2500 people. About twenty-one per cent of its total population are negroes, and the maintenance of a dual school system, which is a settled policy in every southern state, increases the educational burden. Moreover, the farm tenancy rate reaches to nearly fifty per cent as against about twenty-eight per cent in the northern and about eighteen per cent in the western states. Illiteracy rates run from ten to twenty-one per cent in most of the southern states as contrasted with about seven per cent in the United States and about one per cent in Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and several other northern and western states. Much of this is due to the negroes, nearly twenty-three per cent of whom are illiterate.

The southern states, moreover, have a larger proportion of children than any other section of the United States. School attendance by children from seven to twenty years of age ranges from fifty-nine to sixty-eight per cent in the southern against seventy-nine per cent in the northern and western states. High illiteracy and poor school attendance in the South are due in part to child labor in agriculture and industry. Compulsory school attendance legislation is comparatively new in the South, not more than twenty-five years old in the first southern states to pass such laws, less than fifteen years old in several, and only ten years old in one of these states. Revisions, extensions, and improvements have been made since the initial enactments, but in general the legislation is still practically local and optional in character and lacks the force of public approval needed for its full success. In child labor legislation, which is so closely related to compulsory school attendance laws, considerable reforms are needed also, as the wide discussions of the recent industrial conflicts in the South have dis-

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Miss Peach Blossom; 1930

The Modern Chinese Girl

By W. LOCK WEI

Chinese girls have taken their place in the world of affairs. They have left the scented "Kwei" to attend universities, to enter the professions. But the Chinese girl, however modern, still "plays the part of the hunted." It is, Mr. Wei says, "impossible to tell if she is being kissed for the first time." Mr. Wei, who thus writes with charm and humor of his countrywomen, is a graduate of the University of Hongkong, and has studied at Cambridge and Harvard. Incidentally, he is captain of the Chinese Tennis Team contending for the Davis Cup

A MAN'S knowledge, a woman's charms! Such are the quintessential qualities ascribed to the members of the two sexes by the Chinese. Two decades ago, the almond-eyed little lady was described as a peach blossom, a lily—something extremely beautiful and delicate. Masked behind these flowery Chinese epithets, she was carefully confined in her conservatory, the "Kwei," a sacred precinct where she remained the prized possession of her father or spouse. During the recent years, however, she has suddenly assumed more human characteristics; and in spite of the raised eyebrows and gentle protestation of her mother or aunt, she has nonchalantly walked out of her "Kwei" to appear in a new rôle.

In cities such as Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, and Hongkong; at the theatres and dances, at the races and teas; adorned by the loveliness of Chinese color, fabrics, embroidery, and design, the modern ladies can be seen nowadays displaying their newly acquired subtle manners so self-consciously unconscious. Some of their modes, like their new customs, have completely changed. One finds in these cities styles coming close to those of Paris and New York, yet they keep their distinctive quality, blending Western and Oriental motifs.

Having lived under the domination of man since time immemorial, the typical maiden of the past had inherited and acquired the dominant traits of modesty and repression. From childhood, she was taught to look upon men as masters, and women merely as their mates, so that her attitude toward them was always that of submission and respect. At the tender age of six or seven, she had her feet bound in order to enhance her grace of movement—but in reality to confine her activities indoors, so that her every action might easily be watched. A year or so later, she was placed under the family tutor to study music, etiquette, poetry and the classics. She was not permitted to play with boys other than her brothers and cousins; and when her school days were over, she was immediately listed in the marriage market, where the numerous go-betweens—professional or otherwise—were busily match-making from house to house. Thus her marriage was seldom the result of love and courtship. Her parents always reserved the right of choosing as her husband any man they pleased; but when the marriage contract was solemnized; she was bound to him for life, even if he were to take a hundred concubines!

Ewing Galloway

The almond-eyed little lady of two decades ago

It was over a score of years ago though it seems only yesterday, since my older cousin and I strolled into the romantic oriental garden in Canton that glorious summer afternoon, when the birds were in song, and the water lilies in full bloom. While we were crossing the rustic bridge, I noticed that behind the mask of classical conservatism, there were sparkles of excitement in his long slanting eyes, and a slow flush on his cheeks. I knew that he was about to have a glimpse of his prospective bride; but being a boy, and ten years his junior, I had refrained from making the situation more unbearable to him.

When we reached the summer pavilion, saturated with the fragrance of Chinese orchids, an old woman emerged from behind a large potted palm and greeted us.

"They'll be here in a few minutes, Sir," she said to my cousin in her high, thin voice. "I'll show you which is the lady." My cousin was strangely silent, evidently full of confused thoughts and emotions.

Suddenly I heard giggles of feminine laughter. A small sampan rounded the corner of the lily pond, and came into our full view. I saw two charming and vivacious girls talking gesticulatively to a much older and rather plain looking lady, who was evidently their chaperone.

Hiding herself behind the potted palm, the old match-maker whispered, "The lady in the middle is Miss Li."

I noticed the crimson that had suddenly appeared on my cousin's cheeks. "Miss Li is indeed a classic beauty!" I thought, "and what a match the two would make—the veritable union of the Scholar and the Beauty!"

It was not until the wedding night that I realized something had gone wrong. Playing the customary game of forfeits, some of my cousin's friends demanded that he should lift the thick veil of pearl from the face of his blushing bride, so that they might admire her much-talked-of charms. When he com-

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plied with their demand, I had the greatest shock of my young life, which was undoubtedly shared by the poor groom. The bride was not the beautiful girl whom I thought would make such a good match for him. The villainous match-maker had tricked him into marrying the plain looking old maid, whom I had assumed to be the chaperone! Of course, my cousin has taken a few concubines since; but the poor woman who was really his co-victim in the plot still remains his faithful wife.

SEGREGATION from men was a custom with which a Chinese maiden had to contend. Placed on a high pedestal by the praises of her virtue, she was not supposed to be seen by the eyes of man excepting those of her father, her brothers and her near relatives. Dining in the company of even elderly gentlemen was tabooed; and speaking to her own brothers-in-law was considered a minor breach of etiquette. When she did venture out into the streets, she was hidden in a sedan chair with heavy curtains to shut her from the public view.

A young married lady of even a generation ago had her share of the unreasonable restrictions. In places like Canton and other southern cities, where a woman's virtue was considered to be infinitely more precious than her life, she was not permitted to stay in the same room with her husband, should he go to visit her parents. Speaking to him in the presence of others was looked upon as bad form; and to mention his name in certain ultra-conservative families was considered an act of immodesty!

When she had given birth to a child, however, her social status was immediately elevated to that of a mother, when she was freer to converse in public with her spouse. Her life was then centred on her child—particularly if a son—when she would sacrifice everything in order to bring him up to a glorious manhood. At this stage, even her husband had to take second place in her heart. Not infrequently a young mother was allowed to meet her husband's friends; but her inborn sense of decorum and loyalty kept her from playing with their affection, so that divorce cases were almost unknown in China.

In spite of all these rigid rules and precepts, the strong instinctive desires for adventure and romance of the repressed Chinese maidens of the past sometimes found outlets; so that not all of them went through their otherwise drab existence without the thrill of love.

Ewing Galloway

Modern Chinese Maidens are not unlike the American Flappers

When a girl happened to be infatuated with a young man she had chanced to meet, and when that feeling was reciprocated, her maid servant generally acted as the message carrier, until the couple found a way to meet. Of course such an affair was always carefully guarded with the utmost secrecy because the girl's reputation was at stake. Unsympathetic parents might disinherit a daughter when they found out her immodest adventure; but more understanding ones would sometimes resort to the services of a go-between to make the match, as if the idea had originated with them.

The revolution of 1911, which brought freedom to the Chinese people also gave to the young women emancipation from their heavy yoke of suppression. A small group of girls in Canton, known as "Chi Yau Nui"—the girls of free will—started the pioneering work. One of the first radical moves they made was to abolish the long-established custom of feet-binding. Then, to the fear and wrath of their parents, they began boldly to appear with radical students in the streets. Like little birds suddenly let loose from their cages, these first flappers in China met with trials, tribulations, and heart-breaks. Untaught and inexperienced, they let their too eager desires to taste the fruits of their new freedom plunge them into many difficult situations. Their romances generally came to grief. For a period, parents had to disown their daughters because of their shameful escapades; and the name of Chi Yau Nui acquired such a flavor, that the new freedom was threatened with extinction. But like every new national movement founded on solid ground, the somewhat hectic pioneering work of these girls served to pave the way to a new era.

The gradual return of the Chinese students from American and European colleges was the great factor that brought about the revival of freedom for girls. Having acquired the Western idea that a man should marry a girl of his own choice, these young students created the new demand that their prospective wives be given an education and training similar to their own, so that the girls might become congenial companions before and after marriage. Finding that an old-fashioned girl had no chance at all to be matched with one of these future rulers of China, parents began to send their daughters to schools where English and Western ways and manners were taught. Gradually the new generation of girls were allowed the privilege of attending colleges where young men were; and if they happened to be good scholars, they were sent by their parents or the government to other countries for a further period of study at some of the leading universities

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The Trend of Events

Shots and Plots

THE VIRTUES of ballots, as compared with bullets, seem to require even more emphasis than they have received. In not a few circles anxious for political change bullets are still preferred. There appears to be a fascination in the thought that the head of a state is mortal, and thus easily severed from life.

Crown Prince Humbert of Italy heard the whine of an assassin's bullet last October, while visiting Princess Marie José in Belgium. Since then, Brussels police have denied nipping a plot to kill King Albert and his Queen while traveling to Italy for their daughter's wedding. Nevertheless, the Belgian newspaper which broke the story sticks to it. The first attempt on the lives of the King and Queen was to be made in Brussels, it says. If that failed, another was to be made in Milan.

No motive has been found—at least, none has been announced—for the shots recently fired at President Irigoyen of Argentina. It is known merely that an Italian dental mechanic sent three bullets into an automobile carrying the President, and that he was promptly shot and killed by the police. The President may owe his life to his chauffeur, who zigzagged the car at top speed when the first bullet ripped into it.

Mexico has lately found herself harboring not one political plot but three, as Mexico would. A vague terrorist campaign was the reported aim of one; the ousting of President-elect Rubio and the triumph of the defeated candidate, Vasconcelos, were said to be the purposes of the second; the death of former-President Calles was the alleged object of the third.

The plot of uncertain origin against Lord Irwin, British Viceroy of India, has perhaps been more widely noted than any other. The bomb which wrecked the Viceroy's train at New Delhi was a tangible symbol of explosive qualities in the Indian situation. It has directed international attention to a condition which is proving one of the Labor Government's major worries.

Thunder in the East

THIS WAS NOT Lord Irwin's first narrow escape. Nor was this the first political bomb to be exploded in India. In April of last year the Viceroy's train halted not far from a bridge which had been suspiciously set afire. Not long before, two bombs had been thrown into the National Legislature. The purpose of the third incident—"to make the deaf hear"—was apparently the purpose of the two others also.

Early last November, Lord Irwin announced that Britain intended to confer dominion status on India, adding that Indian leaders would be invited to a conference in London. The promise was far from revolutionary; Britain had made it often. This time it salted, rather than salved, the inflamed feelings of Indian Nationalists. They were tired of the vague pledge, to be fulfilled in an uncertainly distant future. Britain, they indicated, could either stop promising and start fulfilling or face the consequences.

Acme

GANDHI

Indian Nationalist sponsors anti-British campaign of civil disobedience

The consequences had been foreshadowed at the last session of the Nationalist Congress in Calcutta. That convention had solemnly warned Britain to accept India's demand for dominion status before January 1, 1930; otherwise the Nationalists would set as their goal nothing less than complete independence. The Calcutta ultimatum was endorsed by a later conference of several Indian parties, representing most of the 380,000,000 people.

So stood the situation when Nationalist leaders visited the Viceroy a few hours after the bombing. Denouncing the attack on his life, they nevertheless stuck to their demands. Nationalists could not participate in the conference at London, they said, unless it was intended to draft a specific plan for dominion status. They then went off to attend the Nationalist Congress at Lahore.

There the executive committee made its awaited move, adopting Mahatma Gandhi's resolution for political independence. Whenever their leaders request, Nationalists are to follow a program of civil disobedience and political boycott—refusing to sit in legislative bodies, to participate in elections, to pay taxes, and so on.

The question is how far they can force Britain's hand, not toward granting India independence—to Britons that is unthinkable—but toward granting it the status of a dominion. A report is now being written by a British commission, headed by Sir John Simon, which, having completed a lengthy investigation, is expected to recommend a form of government for India. If Britain's first thought is to spar for time, the excuse that the Simon report is not yet ready should give her the opportunity.

Honeymoon

OWING TO THE RAPIDITY with which our popular young folk have lately been marrying off, the honeymoon has become pretty well standardized. Helen Wills, therefore, had only to choose her general type. There is the Model A, or Lindbergh, sometimes known as the Shun All Publicity at All Costs (the costs of this type are considerable.) There is the Model B, or Tunney, called the High Hat All Publicity (this also falls in the luxury class.) There is the Model C, or Coolidge, referred to as Bring On Your Cameras (this is fairly reasonable, indeed, may prove remunerative.)

Miss Wills proved that, though she loves nice things, she abhors ostenta-

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tion. She chose Model A, but with variations. There was the quiet wedding, attended only by half a dozen close relatives. Too-eager reporters were deftly eluded when the champion and her husband, instead of attending the announced wedding breakfast, craftily transferred to Miss Wills' roadster and sped to a waiting yacht. But, aside from this, the element of duck, dodge, and scurry usually associated with Model A was lacking. The Moodys emerged from the church in full view of waiting lenses, even posed for a moment or two, offsetting this suggestion of Model C, however, with a Model B touch of hauteur always characteristic of Miss Wills in her dealings with the press.

All in all, a highly successful combination of best elements. Miss Wills has neither lived in the White House, flown the Atlantic, nor outpointed Jack Dempsey. But she plays fine tennis, grows better looking every year, and has endured quite a lot in the way of puns on all-love sets and winning matches. Let her cruise in peace.

▶▶*Sino-Russian Peace*

Russia won the war in Manchuria, and Russia wrote the terms of peace. The seizure of the Chinese Eastern Railway profited China not at all. Russia makes no promise to shut off the propaganda which China gave as her excuse for seizing the road. China does most of the promising. She promises to permit Russia a share in the management of the railway, to take back Soviet employees dismissed after the seizure—in short, to restore the *status quo ante* down to the last detail.

Back where she started, China is worse off than ever. She has been invaded, beaten, humiliated. She has seen Manchuria, frightened by onrushing Red armies, disregard the central government at Nanking and make peace. She has taken dictation from Moscow, and will probably take more in the January 25 conference to settle questions still outstanding. She knows that henceforth it will be harder to advance her nationalist aims, and to check Russia's imperial ambitions, in Manchuria. The clash between these two sets of aspirations was the fundamental cause of the recent Sino-Russian conflict. Temporarily, the conflict is over, but the cause remains.

Aside from China, the chief sufferer is the Kellogg pact. Plainly, its spirit means little to Russia or China; both have violated it shamelessly. That other nations also belittle the pact was indicated when several of them refused to follow the American lead by asking Russia and China to settle their quarrel peacefully. No wonder the parties to the London naval conference have decided not to make the pact the cornerstone of their disarmament treaty. The pact has been wabbling badly ever since Russia resented America's objection to her muscular policies in the Orient.

Farce and futility crept into the early efforts to apply the pact. They remained to the end. When Rumania, through the French ambassador at Moscow, belatedly warned Russia against using force in China, Commissar Litvinoff refused to receive the message. The Ambassador thereupon attempted to read it, and then, growing excited, to throw it on a table. Finally he wrathfully rushed out. The peace pact did not stop the war in Manchuria, but it stimulated ill will between Russia and the United States, Russia and France, and Russia and Rumania. It doesn't quite seem to get the idea.

Acme

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

Mr. and Mrs. Moody leaving San Francisco church after wedding ceremony

▶▶*Extraterritoriality*

According to the Chinese government at Nanking, Russia's invasion of Manchuria cost the lives of 10,000 soldiers and civilians, besides a property loss of $500,000,000. The estimates, though prejudiced, may suggest why, following the Sino-Russian settlement, China determined to abolish extraterritoriality. The need of regaining importance in her own eyes may have seemed to her pressing.

The abolition of extraterritorial rights has long been a Chinese aim. Early last year the Nanking government asked the United States, Great Britain, and other powers to renounce these privileges under which their law-breaking nationals in China are tried in courts controlled by their own consular representatives. America's reply was rather more progressive than most. Washington refused to renounce all rights immediately, but agreed to relinquish them gradually if China would enact and enforce laws based on modern concepts of jurisprudence.

Annoyed by rebuffs and half-way promises, China decided simply to declare extraterritoriality abolished, come what might. Whatever Nanking may do on second thought, it is not likely that foreigners will soon be subjected to the uncertainties of Chinese laws and courts. "Extrality," cemented by custom and numerous treaties, will probably persist in practice long after it has vanished in theory. Certainly there is nothing unnatural in China's resentment over this bridle on her sovereignty, her desire to administer her laws in her own way. Nevertheless, foreign powers will doubtless hold on tight until the nature and the administration of these laws have been considerably improved. Meanwhile they can spare an admiring smile for a government which strikes out at half the world's great powers just after it has been humiliated by one foreign country, just after it has barely escaped extinction from a series of alarming civil wars.

▶▶*France on Disarmament*

Though pessimism is more or less expected just before a naval conference, France has advanced a statement pessimistic enough to be startling. It is perhaps in irony that the recently-published French note is referred to as lucid. Such documents are rarely lucid; they bury their meaning as deeply as they can, and this one is no exception. To be understood they must be read between the lines. Even

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then, the possibility of misunderstanding is large, as various current interpretations of the French note suggest.

Some things, however, are clear. France believes that the sadly battered Kellogg pact "cannot be looked upon as sufficient in its present state to guarantee the security of nations." Again, France would like to see a treaty "of mutual guarantee and non-aggression" negotiated among the powers with interests in the Mediterranean. Out of the obscurity of the note as a whole there emerges a strong impression that, if France does not want the London conference to fail, she is at least not eager to have it succeed. One interpretation generally placed on the note is that France would be willing to limit her naval program to its present size, but not to reduce it.

The reasons for the French attitude must be guessed at. France may fear the fighting power of nations not represented in the five-power conference. She may see an Anglo-American entente in the visit of Premier MacDonald to the United States and in the naval accord recently reached between London and Washington. It is true that naval needs are relative and that France would be no worse off if she were to reduce her fleet proportionately with Britain, but she may yearn to be better off. She would, of course, be better off if Britain reduced while she refrained, or if, building faster than her rival across the Channel, she reached a higher level in relation to Britain than that she now occupies.

If France stood by herself her attitude would cause little alarm. But the extent to which America will reduce sea armaments depends on the extent to which Britain will reduce them, which, in turn, depends on the extent to which Italy, and especially France, will reduce them. While there is always the possibility of a three-power agreement among the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, even of a four-power naval agreement including Italy, the London conference can make no great progress unless and until France drops her stony attitude and assumes a softer one.

Covarrubias

TRIES HIS HAND]

George Antheil, composer, collaborating on an opera with John Erskine

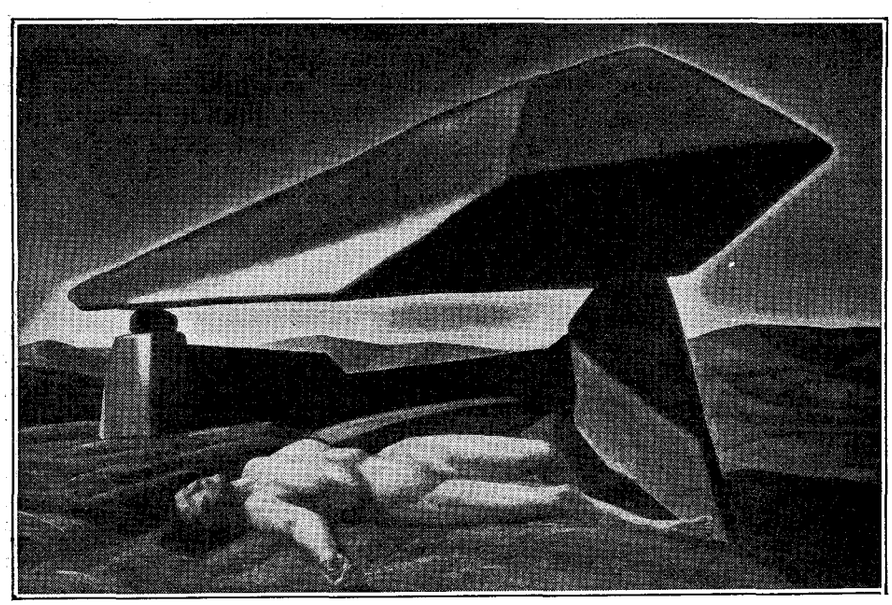
▸▸*Art Past and Present*

If London is not seeing the finest loan exhibition of Italian art in history, it is seeing something close to it. For months, the Royal Academy planned and labored, preparing for this all-star show which opened on January 1 in Burlington House. Its pains have been rewarded; immortals—Titian, Raphael, Botticelli, Tintoretto, Giotto—hang on the walls in great galactic clusters.

Spain, America, Germany, all sent their precious mites. Italy sent a shipful of masterpieces. Mussolini himself oversaw the packing. Every important collection yielded its contributions. Then the good ship Leonardo da Vinci, London-bound, gave the exhibition's publicity agents a whacking yarn by running into a tempest. We forget how many days and nights the Captain clung to the heaving bridge, wondering, perhaps, what Mussolini would say if a wave so much as dampened a Raphael.

Not this season or last has America witnessed such an exhibition as this one. Comparable as stimulants alone are the lively exhibitions at New York's new Museum of Modern Art. More than 5,000 visitors crowded into the Museum in a single day to see paintings by four fathers of modernism, Van Gogh, Cézanne, Seurat, and Gauguin. More than 47,000 attended in a month. Hardly less stimulating is the current show of nineteen living Americans—Demuth, Dickinson, Kuhn, Hopper, Kent, Lawson, Sloan, Sterne, and eleven others.

Though still in swaddling clothes, the Museum has already taught many Americans that extraordinary work is being done by artists from right and left of them, notably by Burchfield of Ashtabula, Ohio; Hart, of Cairo, Illinois; Marin of Rutherford, New Jersey; and Georgia O'Keeffe of Sun Prairie, Wisconsin. Contrary to an apparently widespread assumption, contemporary American art is not confined to greeting cards, calendars, and candy boxes. Its ambitions are boundless. Its achievements grow steadily more impressive.



Peter A. Juley

CROMLECH

Painting by Rockwell Kent shown in New York Museum of Modern Art

▸▸*American Opera*

Not to be outdone by American art, contemporary American music is also astir. Deems Taylor is laboring on the score and libretto of an opera based on Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson*. George Gershwin is shelving musical comedy to write an opera, supposedly for the Metropolitan, based on the Yiddish stage-classic, *The Dybbuk*. George Antheil, youngest and noisiest of American composers, is said to be collaborating on a third opera, with John Erskine, author of *Helen of Troy*. Helen will be their heroine.

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Judging from the blossom-scented Du Maurier novel of the boy and girl who knew the secret of dreaming true, Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson* will cause no tumult in the Metropolitan aisles. About Gershwin one cannot be so sure; his theme, however, suggests mysticism rather than modernism. Antheil is different. He may know ways of making Helen madly exciting all over again.

Antheil is a young American who lives determinedly in Paris, listening to the more raucous rhythms of Stravinsky, occasionally dashing into Africa in search of primitive drum beats. Earnest, hard-working, revolutionary, he has won some critical applause and touched off some critical fireworks. In 1927 he brought to New York his *Ballet Mecanique,* which, scored for player pianos, riveters, and wind machines, is supposed to express America, Africa, and Steel. The public then heard much of the rioting during the *Ballet's* première in Paris. "In a front box," wrote Lewis Galantière, "a fat Spaniard raised a huge red umbrella. Three thousand manifestoes fluttered down from the upper galleries, proclaiming that there ought to be a law against such sounds. . . . Private fights went on all over the house, and still Antheil continued to pump, and change rolls, and pump again." Suddenly it was "discovered that the music had ceased ten minutes earlier, and Antheil was lying in a faint on the stage."

New York critics received the *Ballet* calmly and reports of its Paris début with a grain of salt. Just the same, there is bound to be interest in the prospect of an Antheil opera. If only he doesn't set the Trojans to riveting. . . .

▸▸*More Mergers*

Administrations, like slumps on the stock market, come and go, but mergers in industry go on forever. Hardly had the United States Steel Corporation announced its plans to combine the Atlas Portland Cement Company, which it will soon acquire, with the Universal Portland Cement Company, which it already owns, when four independent stock companies in the Middle West got together under the name of the Republic Steel Corporation.

Long anticipated, the merger of the Republic Iron and Steel Company, the Central Alloy Steel Corporation, Donner Steel, Inc., and the Bourne-Fuller Company creates a steel corporation which, capitalized at $350,000,000, is the third largest in the country. Only the United States Steel Corporation and the Bethlehem Steel Corporation lead it. Together the three will produce about three-fifths of the country's steel ingots.

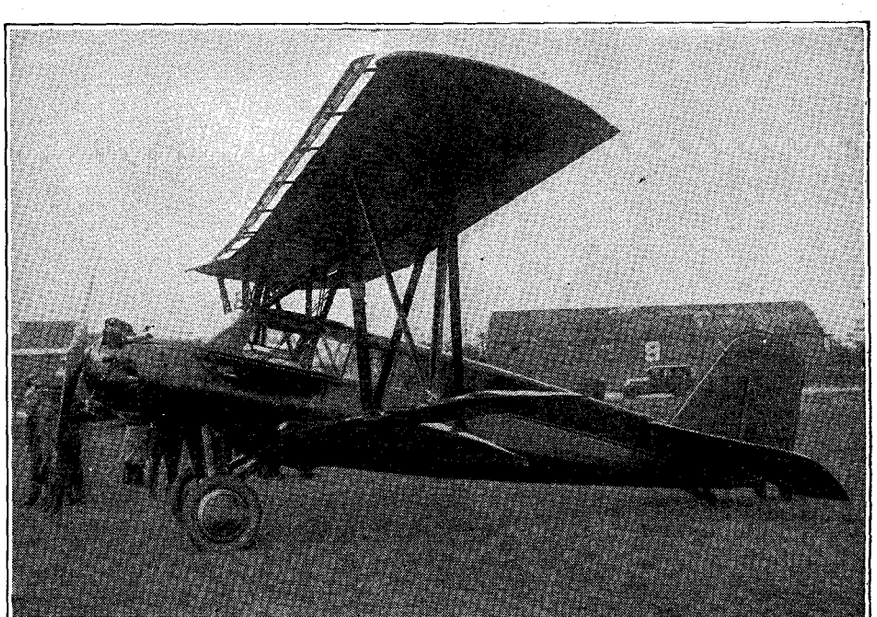
The sponsor of this latest large-scale amalgamation is Cyrus S. Eaton of Cleveland. Mr. Eaton is a Canadian who learned the merger business by combining Mid-Western utilities. Rumor has it that he aspires to an eventual merger between the Republic Steel Corporation and Bethlehem itself. Whether he does or not, the former is expected to acquire several other companies before reaching its maximum size. Interested largely in the production of tubing, used in pipe lines for oil and gas, it may not only compete with its two elders, but lord it over a field of its own.

Acquiring the Atlas Company, the United States Steel Corporation becomes the largest producer of cement in the country. It is already one of the largest producers of structural steel. Henceforth it will have considerable control over two of the most important materials in modern construction. Brought about by wary men, the mergers probably were not announced without assurance that they would stand legal test. The Department of Justice is said to have been sounded out on the steel combination. What it said of the merger, if anything, is not disclosed. What it thinks of the merger, or of mergers in general, is a riddle.

▸▸*Safety Aloft*

Safety being aviation's most pressing need, assurance of safety is what the Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics wished to give the air-minded public before closing its doors and retiring. To this end it announced the Safe Aircraft Competition now being held at Mitchel Field. Prizes of $10,000 each were to be given planes which could pass eighteen rigid safety tests; winning planes were then to compete for an award of $100,000. The machine capable of carrying off the grand prize would, supposedly, point the way to the safety developments necessary to make flying fool-proof.

The scheme did not work out so smoothly. When its terms were first made public there was a great bustle in research laboratories; more than one hundred aeronautical engineers indicated their intention to compete. When the entries were opened their number had dwindled to twenty-seven and only fifteen of these actually appeared at the field. One by one, they were eliminated or withdrawn, until it looked as though none of the planes would even qualify for an award of $10,000. Now, after several months of testing and of waiting for fair weather, the Curtiss-Tanager biplane has been declared the first winner of a safety prize. There may be a second, the Handley-Page



Wide World

PROVING FOOL-PROOF

Curtiss-Tanager biplane leading in Guggenheim Foundation safety contest

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entry, which still has a few tests to go. If it qualifies, it will compete with the Curtiss plane for the $100,000 award; if not, the latter will receive the larger prize without actual competition.

Thus it appears that a foolproof plane is easier discussed than made. A number of promising safety measures have been brought to notice by the Guggenheim awards, notably the use of wing slots for stabilization—contrivances useful enough to cause lively quarrels over patent rights. But that important moment when the average man may sling his golf clubs into a cockpit and take off for the course, without having to know, for his neck's sake, any more about his plane than he knows today about his automobile, is still well in the future.

▶▶*Casting Out Cousin Ape*

DELEGATES to the Des Moines convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science saw Henry Fairfield Osborn separate the human race further from its ape and monkey relatives while nonchalantly drawing the human line back through twenty—instead of one—million years. Not that he did it on the spur of the moment; he has been practicing for some time. President of the American Museum of Natural History, Professor Osborn is one of the half dozen authorities who do not accept the close relationship of the anthropoid apes. He places them—gorillas, chimpanzees, orangs, gibbons—even further from us on the family tree than other scientists place monkeys.

According to Professor Osborn, man, instead of branching off the stem of the common man-ape ancestry at the beginning of the Ice Age, has shown human characteristics—erect gait, large brain, knowledge of murderous and other tools—since the previous epoch, the Pliocene, or the Miocene Epoch before that. This should please the millions of Americans who have themselves traced their lines fully as far back as the Mayflower. Back of the Pliocene and Miocene Epochs, the ape's ancestry, and ours, is known only by inference, but no matter where the human line is traced, it must lead to some beast—unless there has been a special creation for the benefit of one creature.

It has become fashionable, as well as discreet, to say that we did not descend from an ape, but that we and the apes descended from a "common stem." Unfortunately, this nice distinction draws snorts of derision from scientists fully as qualified to speak as Osborn, notably Gregory and Elliot Smith. The "common stem," they declare, was itself so apelike that it is quibbling to call it by any other term than ape.

It means little that Professor Osborn and his supporters are in a minority. Minorities do not always lose in science, nor do majorities always win. Facts win. When and if they are discovered, they will win again in this ever-absorbing dispute over man's origin and evolution.

▶▶*Gun-prints*

IT WAS PROBABLY only a slip of the gun when Fred Burke, wanted for murder and for plain and fancy lawlessness, shot and killed a St. Joseph, Missouri, policeman who tried to arrest him for a minor motor-law violation. But it was a sad slip for Burke. Police, searching his hide-away bungalow outside St. Joseph, found two machine guns which they immediately shipped to Chicago for examination by Colonel Calvin H. Goddard. After microscopic study of interior gun-barrel scratchings, which are as readily identifiable as fingerprints, the ballistics expert concluded that these were the machine guns used in Chicago's celebrated massacre on St. Valentine's Day.

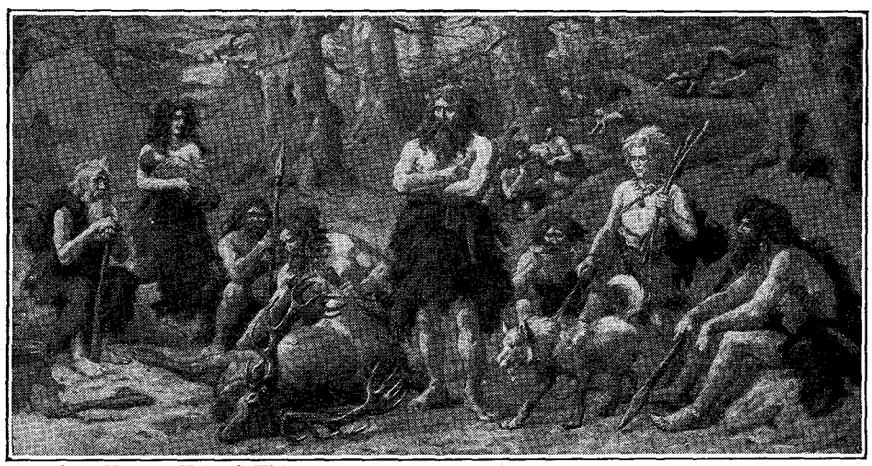
Acme

KNOWS HIS GUNS

Colonel Calvin H. Goddard, ballistics expert and head of the Chicago crime school

The science of identifying guns and bullets has gained no little amount of importance in Chicago since a certain group of business men called in Colonel Goddard. A $100,000 reward was promptly offered for Burke's capture. Assuming that these were the guns used, it remains, of course, to discover who used them. When, like Burke, a fugitive is wanted for one or two crimes, it is often a great deal more easy than accurate to blame him for others, though Burke has long been suspected as the man who, garbed in a policeman's uniform walked out of the garage after the high-handed slaughter of the Moran gang.

Colonel Goddard's report is nevertheless the first real and decisive accomplishment of the massacre investigation and it makes an excellent omen for his new and unique school of crime detection which is located at Northwestern University. Plainly, bullets will tell the tale. And plainly there should be a wider understanding of the language of bullets.



American Museum Natural History

RECENT ANCESTORS

Neolithic man; a mural in American Museum of Natural History

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▶▶*End of a Threat*

GERMANY'S SO-CALLED liberty law failed abjectly in the referendum of December 22. If it had not, delegates attending the second Hague conference on the Young reparations plan would never have left their homes. The liberty law proposed to scuttle the Young plan as well as to repudiate clauses in the Versailles treaty fixing war guilt on Germany.

Dusting off the initiative and referendum, the Nationalists, Fascists, and League of War Veterans submitted their plan to the German people last October, and secured—they just barely secured—the 4,000,000 signatures required to bring it before the Reichstag. As had been expected, that body greeted it contemptuously and defeated it overwhelmingly. Followed the referendum to determine whether the proposal had the support of the 21,000,000 voters, half the electorate, necessary to write it into law over the Reichstag's head.

It hadn't. The bill won only about 6,000,000 votes, a total smaller than that amassed by Right-wing candidates for the national legislature in the election of 1928. It was snubbed even in the house of its friends. Not even the tempting chance to denounce the "war guilt lie" brought voters swarming to the polls. Germany saw the folly of a measure that would have restored the Dawes plan, recalled foreign troops to German soil, interrupted all Europe's recovery, and directed against the Fatherland the wrath of half the world.

So the Franco-German post-war structure, painstakingly erected by Briand and Stresemann, stands up. It would have tumbled in splinters had Germany approved the liberty law. Moreover—but there is no point in moreovering. The liberty law is dead and buried. The conciliatory Briand-Stresemann policies are alive and doing right well.

▶▶*Smoot vs. Smut*

THERE'S THIS about Senator Smoot: he's consistent. Thus he yearns for high tariff walls not only against sugar and other commodities, but also against ideas. About two months ago, following the intelligent advice of Senator Cutting, the Senate did a good job of extracting on the tariff bill. It pulled out all of the provision prohibiting the importation of books considered obscene by customs clerks. It pulled out much of that directed against publications advocating "treason, insurrection, or forcible resistance to any law of the United States," a section which would have excluded even collections of revolutionary documents for libraries. This provision now prohibits only books urging forcible resistance to American laws.

Saddened to see these barriers crumble, Senator Smoot resolved to reconstruct them. Hence he has busied himself collecting books which customs clerks have considered obscene. Moreover, he has made warm extracts, which he purposes to read to the Senate. Consistently, this consistent man wants his extracts debated in secret session. Believing that the books are dangerous, he believes they might endanger occupants of the Senate visitors' gallery. As for other Senators, they must serve their country and take their chances.

"There will not be any one for the [Cutting] amendment when I get through with my presentation," says Senator Smoot. We'll see. The Senate will be dull if it concludes that, unless it obeys Senator Smoot, America will be inundated by smut. The law against sending obscenity through the mails still stands; state laws against pornography stand with it. It is not a question of walling out salacity or being flooded with it. It is a question of whether customs clerks who know nothing of literature, and who have made many stupid mistakes, shall be allowed to censor all foreign reading matter sent to the United States.

▶▶◀◀

Remarkable Remarks

Prohibition has been the biggest Santa Claus the United States has ever seen.—REV. DR. F. SCOTT MCBRIDE.

There never has been greater zeal and activity in the enforcement of law than at the present time.—ATTORNEY GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL.

I have not yet got accustomed to looking from the floor to the galleries.—SENATOR JOSEPH R. GRUNDY.

I did everything in my power to have harmony in the party.—SENATOR THOMAS HEFLIN.

Every man in the Senate has earned his way and is not in the Senate by chance.—VICE PRESIDENT CHARLES CURTIS.

I am conscious of no wrong doing.—WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN.

Fashion follows the figure as trade follows the flag.—JACQUES WORTH.

It seems to me that ever so many matrimonial difficulties never can come about if a wife is studiously discreet and abhors all gossip.—FLORENCE TRUMBULL COOLIDGE.

American husbands are the best in the world: . . . no other husband is so generous to his wife as the American husband, and no other husband can be so easily divorced.—ELINOR GLYN.

What do you think of those Republicans setting the White House on fire, trying to burn up their own records?—WILL ROGERS.

▶▶◀◀

▶▶*In Brief*

ONE OF THE world's finest fountains will be erected in Washington by the citizens of Pennsylvania. As planned, the fountain is to gush water, not, as you might have assumed, campaign funds. . . . "France," says Senator Smoot, "as was expected by the World War Debt Funding Commission, is attaining a state of general prosperity even earlier than expected." Which, after all, was to be expected. . . . Pretty near time for some one of our Senators to rise in his might and denounce France for her plan to keep out American automobiles by jacking up tariff rates. We nominate Senator Grundy. . . . "The open, flaunting, defiant, persistent disregard of the law, day after day, and month after month, with no effort being made to stop it, calls for discussion," declares Senator Borah, without, however, realizing that it calls for discussion of modification. . . . Few New Yorkers carrying burglary insurance dropped it on Police Commissioner Whalen's assurance that "there are no hardened criminals operating in New York today." This will show you what an unreasonably suspicious lot these New Yorkers can be. . . . It doesn't surprise us to read that Crown Prince Humbert of Italy and Princess Marie José of Belgium are, respectively, handsome and beautiful, and that they are marrying for love alone. We have yet to read about any other kind of royal match.

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

POLITICS HATH no fury like a sensitive Senator scorned, as President Hoover must conclude in thinking on William E. Borah's strange behavior of late. As if it were not bad enough for the Idahoan to question the Administration's sincerity on farm relief and tariff revision, he has touched the President in an even more sensitive spot with his suggestion that the dry laws can never be enforced "with the present personnel, from the top down." Mr. Hoover, we suspect, would have disregarded complaints by Democratic drys like Senators Harris of Georgia and Glass of Virginia, but when the campaign champion of prohibition and President added his voice to the tumult, there was naught for the White House to do except take notice. Ever since, we have seen a somewhat unseemly capitulation to the hysterical and political cry that there ought to be more laws and more loyalty to the Eighteenth Amendment.

More important still, we have witnessed a retreat from the attitude which President Hoover assumed when he took office. Then he was determined to relegate prohibition to a more proportionate place in our talk and thought, and to this end he directed that the Law Enforcement Commission be empowered to study the whole system of American jurisprudence rather than the workings of a single law. It was the President's hope, we know, to introduce some sanity into the national attitude toward the dry laws. The personnel of the commission, from the wet George W. Wickersham down, bears witness to this desire. In short, Mr. Hoover sought to place his semi-judicial body on a rather lofty and Olympian plane whence it could observe the national scene with some dispassionateness.

Under these circumstances Washington expected that the President would insist that this body be kept out of politics, even though it offended certain drys. Mr. Hoover could easily have assumed such a stand, since none of the professional prohibitionists gave comfort or reinforcement to critics of the commission. In fact, political and ecclesiastical spokesmen rallied to the support of the Administration as soon as Messrs. Harris, Glass and Borah began to bark. But the President's advisers took fright, and on Christmas Day Mr. Hoover took time off from his celebration of "peace on earth" to plan a counter attack. It was under his direction that Attorney General Mitchell and Under Secretary Mills denied the truth of Borah's charges. Mr. Mellon, who is the same senatorial group's real target, was discreetly out-of-town on this unhappy morn.

For a moment it seemed as if the Administration, with the cheers of wets, professional drys and Old Guard Republicans, would fight back, but Mr. Borah had done his work too well. The Senator was called to a luncheon conference at the White House, and the Idahoan's charges, though previously denied at Mr. Hoover's direction, were conceded by the President to have much basis. The two men differed sharply, we hear, concerning methods for improving conditions. Mr. Borah, we understand, holds that a score or more of U. S. District Attorneys have not cooperated with dry agents, and should be summarily discharged. The President takes the more constitutional view that District Attorneys should not act as third degree experts or sleuths, but should sit back and wait until other agencies have finished their snooping assignments. Moreover, Mr. Hoover has unlimited confidence in Attorney General Mitchell, and thinks things will be better when prohibition enforcement is taken out of the hands of Mr. Mellon and entrusted to the Attorney General. On that point Borah and all the other critics of the Administration's policies are agreed, until it seems that the Pennsylvanian hasn't a friend in Washington—except Senator Grundy.

Weed in N. Y. Evening World

Holiday gr-r-r-r-eetings!

But the Administration is taking other hasty steps to placate Mr. Borah and those he represents, whoever they may be. The Treasury, soon after Congress reconvenes, will submit a border control program that appears to be only an emergency measure hurriedly framed. For one thing, it contemplates changing arteries of travel and disregarding natural routes along the border by defining what roads the visitor to the United States may use, and we understand it will meet stiff opposition on Capitol Hill. The Law Enforcement Commission, we hear, will also rush a preliminary report to Congress in an effort to still the senatorial storm. So that we are to be treated to the sorry spectacle of the first commission ever to make a serious study of crime and punishment in the United States dragooned into catering to the whimsies of political drys and the panic of the President's advisers.

There is an amusing aspect to the scene for those who have stood in the wings and have watched the prohibition plot unfold, until now it envelops the White House, the Senate and the Law Enforcement Commission. All the fuss was started by a Democratic Senator from below the Mason and Dixon line who, facing reelection next year, seeks to atone for his support of that Sidewalks of New York candidate, "Al" Smith by a show of zeal for dry law enforcement. He is none other than Senator Harris of Georgia, whose demands for tremendous prohibition appropriations and denunciation of Mr. Hoover's policies are direct echoes of the cardinal points of the presidential conflict. Mr. Harris, we recall, remained silent regarding these questions during the Harding-Coolidge regime, but deems it expedient to denounce the President who, as the candidate of the drys, defeated the wet whom the Senator supported. Such is politics—and prohibition!

A. F. C.

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▶▶ Lessons of the Stock Panic ◀◀

An Editorial by George E. Roberts

THE RECENT CRISIS in the stock market was the culmination of a rise of prices which with occasional temporary reactions had been in progress since the low point of the post-war depression in the latter part of 1921 and early part of 1922. At that time the country was suffering from a scarcity of capital and credit.

From the beginning of 1922, the situation was eased by an inflow of gold, due to large trade balances and to the fact that this was the only country on a gold basis. These new supplies of gold, increasing the bank reserves, quickly changed the credit situation, particularly so far as bank credit was concerned. In 1924 the average rate for call money in New York was only a shade above three per cent. Here was a change of great significance to security values, for as interest rates go down capital values inevitably go up.

Of course the facilities of the stock exchanges were a great factor in enlisting the public interest and creating a broad market. The fact that stocks and bonds listed on an important exchange have a ready sale is an important factor in their popularity as investments. The breadth of the market, the volume of transactions, the publicity of proceedings, give preferred standing to listed securities as collateral for loans, with the result that a great volume of funds, seeking temporary employment is attracted to the chief exchanges.

The widespread distribution of Government bonds during the War had much to do with enlarging the market for securities; but higher wages and income among the masses of the people have been an important factor, and the long continued rise of prices, lasting with occasional reactions from the latter part of 1921 to the fall of 1929, was most influential. The market attracted more attention than it ever had, the volume of trading was larger and the total of loans to brokers mounted to aggregates never known before.

So long as gold was flowing into the country and multiplying the supply of bank credit, money was easy and interest rates low, but in the fall of 1927 the restoration of the gold standard in Europe, together with foreign borrowing on a large scale in this country, started a heavy gold export movement. Member banks could no longer increase their loans without resorting to the Reserve banks, and the latter are restricted by law to loans for financing trade and industry.

Apparently the rising price movement had run its course. But the movement was under too much momentum to be stopped. The opinion of the Reserve authorities that the market was absorbing too much credit was rejected or ignored. Probably the market believed in a blind sort of way that it could get what money it wanted by paying higher rates, which was not an important consideration so long as prices were advancing.

The New York banks conformed to the policy of the Reserve authorities, as is shown by the fact that their holdings of brokers' loans were no higher in the fall of 1929 than in the corresponding months of 1928 or 1927. But to an important extent bank depositors, particularly corporations, were induced to place their funds at the disposal of the market. This practice had existed in a moderate degree for some years, but under the high rates offered loans of this class increased in less than two years from $1,000,000,000 to nearly $4,000,000,000.

This, however, was not all, for as the high interest rates and reputed profits of market operations were noised about, money came from all parts of the country for loan or investment. The market was able to go around the banking authorities to the original sources of funds; but its drain of funds was having effects elsewhere that were destined to involve the market in disappointment and disaster. The bond market, which normally is one of the principal sources of funds for industrial expansion, was almost suppressed. Building operations were embarrassed. Savings bank deposits were being reduced; building and loan associations suffered withdrawals; mortgage extensions or renewals were becoming difficult to obtain.

Moreover, the stringency was worldwide. More than one-half of the gold which had been exported in 1927-28 was attracted back to this country, the movement imposing restrictions upon business wherever the losses occurred. Fifteen central banks of Europe raised their discount rates in the first seven months of 1929, in efforts to check the movement. Finally, an advance of the discount rate of the Bank of England to six and a half per cent—a most unusual rate for that institution—coinciding with other events significant of strained conditions, induced withdrawals of British and European funds from New York in amounts large enough to start the heavy liquidating movement.

The Federal Reserve system was established to serve as a regulator and stabilizer of credit, by means of the resources kept in reserve for emergencies, and its services in the recent crisis were important. Plenty of credit was available throughout the period of stock liquidation at six per cent, and in comparison with other crises the banking and business situation was but slightly disturbed. The experience of the last two years, however, has demonstrated that the influence of the Reserve system must be exerted before speculation gains headway enough for borrowers to be indifferent to moderate increases in interest rates.

One of the lessons of this experience is that efforts on the part of the banks to discriminate between uses for credit are of only temporary avail. The original borrower may use the credit for the prescribed purpose; but in using it he parts with it, and there the control ends. If the Reserve banks intend to control the money market they must control it absolutely and all business must adjust itself to the fact.

Finally it is evident that all laws and rules which may be provided for the regulation of banks will avail nothing if the public which holds final control over bank deposits elects to exercise that control itself. In dealing with problems of democratic society, we find order and progress are dependent upon understanding and co-operation among the people themselves.

Making the stock market safe for democracy is one of the problems now before the Federal Reserve System and the banks we conclude from the argument of Mr. Roberts, who is widely known as an economist and as a vice-president of the National City Bank of New York. He analyzes the part played by the public—which means all of us—in the recent inflation and deflation of security values

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"Water-Buses" for the Thames?

By T. R. YBARRA

LONDON has one of the worst traffic problems in the world, yet she scorns to use her broadest thoroughfare. In the Strand, Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill, omnibuses, taxi-cabs, motor trucks, delivery wagons and private cars are massed together in a confusion worthy of Manhattan; yet, within a stone's throw, is a highway as innocent of congestion as a country lane. So crowded is the main artery of traffic between the central part of the "City" of London and Victoria Station, lying westward, that a passenger on a bus is lucky, in the rush hours, if he manages to get from one to the other in half an hour—yet, parallel to that artery is another, totally neglected by Londoners, by which that same passenger could cover the same distance in fifteen minutes.

This neglected artery of traffic is the river Thames. Below London Bridge it is alive with shipping; but, above it, vessels are few and far between. From London Bridge upstream the Thames, though it flows through the very heart of the world's greatest city, has practically no part whatever in the roaring, teeming life of London.

Now, after years of indifference, a number of Londoners have wakened to the fact that the Thames, if used as a connecting link between the "City" and western parts of London, might considerably relieve congestion and enable thousands of people to go to and from business in a novel and expeditious manner.

Mr. A. P. Herbert, a well-known writer, advocates the establishment on the Thames of a service of rapid motor-boats, to ply between what corresponds, in London, to New York's "downtown" district, and metropolitan sections to the westward, with landings at central points like the Temple, the Embankment (in the vicinity of Charing Cross), the Houses of Parliament, etc., as well as at other places outside the center of the metropolis—such as Battersea, Chelsea, Hammersmith and still remoter regions.

Waxing eloquent, as he outlined his plan, Mr. Herbert wrote:

"The river Thames flows through the heart of London, a neglected highway, a neglected beauty, a neglected 'lung,' a neglected education, a neglected field of employment, a neglected source of revenue. No man has seen London until he has seen it from the river, as our fathers saw it. But rare is the Londoner who has seen it so. To most of us this unique stretch of water is as unknown as the sewers and almost as unapproachable. Why? There is no good reason.

"If the river were dry land it would be alive with motor buses; and given good will, energy and imagination, it would be served by swift, comfortable, profitable motor-water buses. . . .

"Let the weary straphanger imagine the London water bus. It (or she) holds 300 passengers and has every modern convenience for the tired business woman. Electric lights and comfortable 'armed' seats on deck and in the saloon; electric stoves in the winter; the deck open or closed in, according to the weather; more room than the bus, more air than the train; refreshments, newspapers, etc., for sale on board. No noise, no jerks, no traffic jams.

"Let no one tell us that the Londoner 'does not want' the water bus. There was not much evidence that he wanted the Tubes or the wireless before he got them."

NO SOONER had this champion of the Thames as an artery for London traffic entered the arena than others rushed in to argue for and against the scheme. One Londoner grew so enthusiastic in its favor that he actually burst into verse about it. Here is part of his poem on the "Water-Bus:"

"The Water-bus, the water-bus!
What ho! The water-bus for us!
No skidding wheel, no grinding gear,
No traffic cop (no jolly fear!)
No ticking of no taxi clock
The while we curse the traffic block.

The water-bus for babe and nuss,
For Bert, for Betty, Flo and Gus;
The water-bus in rain or shine,
The jolly water-bus for mine!
The tempests scream—it might be wuss;
We might be on the other bus!"

Sir Samuel Instone, already noted as a magnate in the domain of commercial aviation, recalled that, some years ago, he had submitted a complete plan for operating a service of "water-buses" on the Thames, which had been rejected, after careful study, by the London authorities. After reading Mr. Herbert's plea, said Sir Samuel, he begged to come forward with the same plan advocated by him before, since, in the meantime, he had not changed the opinion formed by him at that time that such a service would not only relieve traffic congestion in London but could be made financially successful.

Opponents of the scheme for having "water-buses" on the Thames make a number of objections to their introduction. First, they shake their heads at Sir Samuel's contention that they could be made to pay. Second, they insist that comparatively few people would use them—altogether too few to relieve London's overcrowded land buses and Tubes—since many of the landings would be too far away from the metropolitan centers they would be supposed to serve. Thirdly, there is the matter of fog—what would happen to the water-bus service on days when the Thames was wrapped in a "pea soup" fog such as would make navigation on the river alike difficult and dangerous?

Against such arguments Mr. Herbert and his fellow-reformers insist that a service of Thames passengers boats such as they advocate would soon become so popular as to pay its way. They scoff at the idea that landings along the river's banks would be too remote from where people really want to go; one need but glance at a map showing the course of the Thames through London, they declare, to realize how close it runs to many of the great city's most central points, how valuable it would be as a connecting link between them and as a means of reaching the suburbs fringing the river for miles on either side. As for fog—well, does it not seriously hamper every sort of traffic? Are land buses and other vehicles immune from it? Does it not slow down trains and make drivers propel their vehicles along streets at a snail's pace? Surely, a boat service which may prove the most valuable sort of boon to overcrowded London should not be called impossible, they assert, because of a foe against which Londoners have coped for centuries without admitting defeat?

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The Church Triumphant

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

The "Mother Church," centralized and powerful and under complete domination of the Leader, was dedicated in Boston on January 6th, 1895. The event was reported with respect by newspapers throughout the country. The edifice was handsome and costly; no longer were Christian Scientists viewed with amused contempt. The concluding instalment will be published next week

MRS. EDDY lived with her retinue in a furnished house on State Street in Concord for three years before she retired to the now famous Pleasant View, just outside the limits of that city. In that time she accomplished the most effective work of her career. Seen in perspective, every move was masterly. The "visable church" she had dissolved had been merely an organization with a church charter, holding its services in public halls, but without a building of its own. To "dissolve" it had therefore been less than a Herculean task.

In those three years Mrs. Eddy, building directly upon the still smouldering ashes of the old organization, launched the present Boston Church, named it the Mother Church and invited all of the hitherto autonomous Christian Science churches to become "branch churches" of the Mother Church. Individual members of branch churches were eligible to membership in the Mother Church as well. With officers chosen by herself (her son Foster Eddy as President), with twelve charter members constituting a committee to ballot upon candidates for admission to the Mother Church, with a manual of by-laws vesting Mrs. Eddy or the "Pastor Emeritus," as she was now installed, with absolute authority in every question that might arise, with officers and a board of directors subject to dismissal at her will, Mrs. Eddy had established herself in autocratic control of the Boston Church, which in turn became the head of all branch churches under it.

The means employed by Mrs. Eddy in the accomplishment of these ends have been severely criticized. The details of the organization, and of the transactions concerning the building fund and the purchase of the land on which the church now stands, present indeed so striking a similarity to the methods of big business in like transactions that, in addition to being difficult to follow, they are almost dull.

It was Mrs. Eddy's good fortune that she had the counsel of lawyers who, she tells us, were "guided by Divine Love." When the inevitable criticisms were made, Mrs. Eddy explained the real estate transactions in the pages of the Christian Science *Journal:*

"I had this desirable site transferred in a circuitous, novel way .... I knew that to God's gift, foundation and superstructure, no one could hold a wholly material title. The land and the church standing on it must be conveyed through a type representing the true nature of the gift; a type morally and spiritually inalienable, but materially questionable—even after the manner that all spiritual good comes to Christian Scientists to the end of taxing their faith in God and their adherence to the superiority of the claims of spirit over matter or merely legal titles .... Our title to God's acres here will be safe and sound 'when we can read our titles clear' to heavenly mansions."

By these "circuitous and novel ways," which included the payment of $5,000 on her own part, Mrs. Eddy had come into personal possession of the lot on Falmouth Street which the original Boston Church had been paying for since 1886, and was valued now at something over $20,000. When a charter was sought for the new church it was refused by the Commissioner of Corporations on the ground that the charter of the old church had never been annulled and was still in existence. This difficulty was turned to excellent account. Mrs. Eddy's lawyers discovered a law by which trustees appointed "according to the discipline and usages" of church or religious societies might "be deemed bodies corporate" for the purpose of taking and holding all grants and donations, whether of real or personal estate, made either to them or their successors, or to their respective churches.

On Sept. 1, 1892, Mrs. Eddy conveyed the Falmouth Street lot to four trustees: Ira O. Knapp, William B. Johnson, Joseph S. Eastaman, and Stephen A. Chase, who were also constituted the Board of Directors and sole corporation body of the Mother Church. The terms of the trust deed secured to Mrs. Eddy forever the absolute control of the properties and government of the Church.

By these terms the trustees were pledged to erect upon the site within five years a church building to cost not less than $50,000, in which no services should ever be held "which shall not be in strict harmony with the doctrines and practice of Christian Science as taught and explained by Mary Baker G. Eddy in the seventy-first edition of her book, entitled *Science and Health,* which is soon to be issued, and in any subsequent edition thereof."

The trustees should be called the Board of Directors and constitute a perpetual body or corporation, filling any vacancy by election, and only filling it with such new member as should be "a firm and consistent believer in the doctrines of Christian Science as taught in a book entitled *Science and Health* by Mary Baker G. Eddy."

The Board should elect the pastor, speaker, or reader, maintain public worship, and was "fully empowered to make all necessary rules and regulations" for this purpose. The trust then read:

"The omission or neglect on the part of said directors to comply with any of the conditions herein named, shall constitute a breach thereof, and the title shall revert to the grantor, Mary Baker G. Eddy, her heirs and assigns," etc.

"Whenever said directors shall determine that it is expedient to maintain preaching, reading or speaking in said church in accordance with the terms of this deed, they are authorized and required to reconvey forthwith said lot of land with the building thereon, to Mary Baker G. Eddy, her heirs and assigns forever, by a proper deed of conveyance."

The formal organization of the new church was completed in closed sessions, Sept. 23, 1892, with twelve

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charter members, who constituted a committee to pass upon all applications for membership in the Mother Church. Members of the original local Church who had expected their membership to be automatically continued in the new church discovered that they must now apply to the membership committee for admission. Thus the Mother Church was freed of trouble makers and rebels.

Donations for the building, and applications for membership from individual members of branch churches throughout the field flowed in. No mention of the official organization or legal holding corporation was made in the *Journal,* which carried the appeal for funds, until a year after its organization was complete, or Oct. 3, 1893, when the first annual meeting of the new church was held in Chickering Hall, Boston. The clerk's report announced that:

"Since the meeting in which the church was formed, there have been held seven special and four quarterly meetings. It is in the records of those meetings that the history of the church is contained, but its doings could not be profitably set forth in a report of this kind."

Over 1500 members had been received into the church by the date of the first annual meeting, and new branch churches were organizing everywhere.

IN THAT SAME YEAR, the first year of Mrs. Eddy's occupancy of Pleasant View, the corner stone of "The First Church of Christ, Scientist," known to Scientists as the "Mother Church," was laid. The Church was to cost a minimum of $200,000. Forty prominent Christian Scientists gave $1000 each to the building fund.

Mrs. Eddy was "Pastor Emeritus" now. Her preaching days were over. There was more important work to do. Having conquered her kingdom, she must rule it, and the kingdom was growing by leaps and bounds. She must guard it on every front. Not a sentry at the farthest outpost must be allowed to stray, or hold converse, however idle, with the enemy. Every day some new danger would present itself to her. And every day there came from her hand a by-law by which the danger was averted, some offender rebuked and warned. Not a point was too trivial for a by-law of that famous manual by which she ruled her Church, —the manual that Mark Twain called "that little brown book with hell in its bowels," but of which the author herself wrote that the rules and by-laws contained therein "originated not in solemn conclave as in ancient Sanhedrim," they were "not arbitrary opinions nor dictatorial commands," but "were impelled by a power not one's own," and "sprang from necessity, the logic of events."

Mrs. Eddy had written many things beside her by-laws since she had come up to Concord and cleared her desk for action by means of "Seven Fixed Rules" (published in the *Journal*) prohibiting her followers from consulting her or writing her letters on personal matters or upon any one of the seven points specified. In 1891 she had published a new and entirely revised edition of *Science and Health,* and was fast revising it again for publication in '94. She had published her small autobiography, *Retrospection and Introspection,* and in 1893 brought out her long illustrated poem, "Christ and Christmas," with herself as author of the poem, and "Mary Baker G. Eddy and James F. Gilman, Artists." All of her works were having an enormous sale.

Her adopted son was now her publisher. She had lost the allegiance and services of Wm. G. Nixon, her former publisher, in the maze of those "circuitous and novel ways" employed in transference of the property on which the church was now being built, and of which he was one of the original trustees. And in 1892 Mrs. Eddy had given the publication of her books, the most lucrative post within her bestowal, into the hands of Dr. Foster Eddy.

Foster Eddy stayed at the Commonwealth Avenue house when business kept him in Boston for several days at a time. His mother wrote him letters there,—hurried notes addressing him as "Dearest" or "My dearest One," and giving him instructions, most specifically worded, as to the handling of the mesmerism that was interfering with the printer's work. Various students were assigned the treatment for the bindery, the press, and department heads. Bennie was to keep Mr. Wilson, the proprietor, under his care alone.

"When the book goes to the bindery then stop the press aid and turn all their force there. . . . If I or Mr. Frye write or telegraph to you then you must stop at once the students' argument. You understand this, do you not?"

When the students had overstepped the instructions, she wrote that she had "just found out what did (but did not) produce a temporary tempest here. It was the help you procured on the Press! Never, never put 'new wine into old bottles.' Those persons named are utterly incapable of handling the Red Dragon. They can command serpents but not the last species." And ordering him to dismiss the help at once, and confine his treatment to the proprietor, she ends, "All is God, Good there is no evil."

All these multitudinous details she carried on her shoulders in addition to the weighty problems of the organization of the Mother Church. While her son guarded the interests of the publishing business in Boston, Mrs. Eddy sent out her orders from Concord, issued her communiques, summoned her captains and her generals who daily journeyed up from Boston to consult with her. Never had she worked with so much concentrated energy.

IN THE very midst of those strenuous times, and as if to save the period from an effect of too much worldliness and material activity, the rumor spread through Boston that Mrs. Josephine Curtis Woodbury, a prominent Christian Scientist, and the Leader's staunch supporter for many years, had given birth to "the Prince of Peace," a son immaculately conceived.

The child had been born on June 11th, 1890, and baptized in a pool which Mrs. Woodbury called "Bethsada" at Ocean Point, Maine, surrounded by an adoring group of her personal followers. Mrs. Woodbury had "laid him three times prayerfully in the pool," his baby eyes remained open and smiling upward beneath the surface of the crystal water, and when he was lifted therefrom, they joined in a spontaneously appropriate hymn."[1]

Since the earliest days in Boston, Josephine Curtis Woodbury, with her strong personal following, had been a rose; and also a thorn in Mrs. Eddy's side. Beautiful, romantic,—an extravagant believer as may be seen,—Mrs. Woodbury had been of enormous service to her teacher in the spreading of the Word. She had lectured and taught in the West, contributed many

1. From *War in Heaven,* by Josephine Curtis Woodbury, published in 1897.

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articles to the *Journal,* and forwarded the cause of Christian Science in a thousand enthusiastic ways. She was among the first of Mrs. Eddy's students to teach classes of her own in Boston. Successful for the cause, she was also successful for herself. She was the priestess of the aesthetics, the poets and musicians, the dilettantes of Christian Science, the seekers for the wonderful. In the Berkshire Hotel she held the sessions and taught the classes of the "Woodbury Academic Association" in an atmosphere of luxury unknown to the businesslike surroundings of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Columbus Avenue. In the fine house which she and her husband bought with the money earned from their teaching, Mrs. Woodbury held her court. Candles and perfume and feasting,—and suddenly all these, anathemata; bare white cells to sleep in, monklike robes and fasting for the purification of the soul. She led her students to Europe where they feasted on ancient culture; she led them to retreats on the rockbound coast of Maine. She ruled her petty principality with a more fantastic sceptre than ever touched the hand of that strange and fearsome little leader who exacted obedience from them all.

When in 1889 Mrs. Eddy had closed the Massachusetts Metaphysical College and returned its charter to the state with thanks, she had requested kindly but firmly that Mrs. Woodbury disband her "Academy" as well, "albeit" said Mrs. Woodbury, "no other school or associations were given up seemed peculiar, as we had never even dreamed of being the Teacher's sole imitators." Nevertheless Mrs. Woodbury's academy was closed and its charter surrendered without a murmur on her part. Perhaps her followers murmured for her when their "beloved academy" was closed.

It may have been her followers, whose adoration never ceased, who first rang out the tidings that the "Prince of Peace" was born; that their beloved teacher had by "mental generation" brought into the world an immaculate son. It was, nevertheless, Mrs. Woodbury herself who made the claim, named the child "The Prince of Peace," and officiated at the baptismal ceremony at the pool.

When the word was brought to Mrs. Eddy (herself engaged in the "mental generation" of the organization of her church) that Mrs. Woodbury had been delivered of the Child of Light, the "little Immanuel," she indignantly exclaimed, "Child of Light! She knows it is an imp of Satan!"

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PLEASANT VIEW
Mrs. Eddy's home at Concord, New Hampshire

Now it is true that both Mrs. Woodbury and Mrs. Eddy had some authority in the teachings of Christian Science for these divergent points of view. *Science and Health* bears many references to spiritual birth, to "mental generation," and to "propagation without the male element." Many stories have been told of marriages brought to grief by the attempt on the part of husband or wife to follow Mrs. Eddy's strictures on the subject of "carnal love" and the marriage relationship.

Searching the pages of the early editions for the authority upon which Mrs. Woodbury may have based her claim, we come promptly upon a passage which certainly must have come under her eye and which furnished her fanciful mind, no doubt, with authority for the baptismal service as well:

"Adam being created before Eve, proves the maternal egg never propagated him, and Eve being formed of Adam's rib, shows her origin was not that; 'knowledge' defined man falsely then, even as at present, although physiology has since been grafted into the forbidden 'tree.' An infant a few hours old was said to be immersed in water, to test the possibility of making him amphibious; and this daily ablution continued until the infant could remain under water, and the ordinary functions of lungs be suspended twenty minutes at one time, playing the while and enjoying the bath."

In her own description of the child's immersion in the pool, Mrs. Woodbury wrote: "While lying beneath the surface his baby eyes were open, and smiling upward; and this composure under water continues unto this day, for he loves it as his native element."

Mrs. Eddy believed in the "Immaculate Conception" of Jesus, and the Virgin Birth. But there are various passages in her works to show that she thought that the appearance at that time of the Christ or "Truth" through the corporeal birth of Jesus the man had somewhat dimmed the glory of the event. Many such passages exist, and the suggestion is directly made that because of the Virgin Mary's inability to demonstrate the entirely spiritual Christ, Jesus was compelled to suffer birth and crucifixion, and therefore his mission to the world in some measure failed.

To "The Mary of today" had been vouchsafed the only truly "immaculate birth." Now, for the first time, Christ had been born into the world in purely spiritual form. *Science and Health* was Mrs. Eddy's spiritual child. This affirmation is met with many times in the canonical literature. In the more esoteric phases of Christian Science, the textbook *Science and Health* is held

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to be the seventeenth (though the number varies) incarnation of King David on this plane.

In the *Journal* of November, 1888, (the same month in which Mrs. Eddy adopted E. J. Foster), an article entitled "Immaculate Conception" elaborates the idea at great length:

"Let us come in thought to another day, a day when woman shall commune with God, the eternal Principle and only Creator, and bring forth the spiritual idea. And what of *her* child? Man is spiritual, man is mental. Woman was the first in this day to recognize this and the other facts it includes. As a result of her communion we have Christian Science.

"You may ask why this child did not come in human form, as did the child of old. Because that was not necessary. . . . As this age is more mental than former ages, so the appearance of the idea of Truth is more mental."

For Mrs. Eddy's "imp of Satan" explanation, there was even more authority in the early editions of *Science and Health*. In the passage to which she had referred Daniel Spofford in her letter the night before her marriage to Gilbert Eddy, we find, for example, this:

" 'Jesus said, to look with foul desire on forbidden objects, breaks a moral precept.' . . . Evil thoughts reach farther, and do more harm than individual crimes, for they impregnate other minds and fashion your body."

The famous "Demonology" chapter is replete with passages of this kind. However, it is to be remembered that all these passages may be subject to the interpretation of the "new tongue," to which Mrs. Eddy herself, as well as her followers, often seemed to have lost the key.

Mrs. Woodbury herself much later wrote that part of Mrs. Eddy's instruction given in private was that, "If Jesus was divinely conceived by the Holy Ghost, or Spirit, without a human father, Mary not having known her husband,—then women may become mothers by a supreme effort of their own minds, or through the influence upon them of an Unholy Ghost, a malign spirit."

Mrs. Woodbury had visited Mrs. Eddy in Concord six months before the birth of her child and Mrs. Eddy had enigmatically said to her these words, "though they were not at the moment received in their deeper import" by Mrs. Woodbury: "Go home and be happy. Commit thy ways unto the Lord. Trust him, and he will bring it to pass."

Mrs. Woodbury suggested later that these words of the Leader were the words of that other Mary to Elizabeth, and her followers made much of Mrs. Eddy's oracular statement as a prophecy.

To Mrs. Eddy, engrossed in the strenuous business of the organization of the Mother Church, all these interpretations, and the publicity attending them, came as mere irritations and a disturbance of her labors, and she let her irritation be known. But she did not add to the publicity achieved by Mrs. Woodbury by any open statement

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MRS. EDDY

From a photograph taken shortly after her removal to Concord

at the time. Mrs. Woodbury had been a valuable student, and she did not wish any new breaks in the church. She probably regretted now the disbanding of Mrs. Woodbury's school, since her idleness had procured so extraordinary a result.

When Mrs. Woodbury presented her application for membership in the new church, she was received "on probation" for two years. "I have made a rule," Mrs. Eddy wrote to her, "which has been published in our *Journal*, that I shall not be consulted on the applications for membership to the church or dismissals from it. This responsibility must rest on the First Members according to the rules of the church."

Mrs. Woodbury held off applying for admission, fearing refusal no doubt, until 1895 when the Mother Church building was complete. Although on probation, she bought a pew in the new church and appeared there regularly with her husband, her daughter Gwendolyn, and the little Prince. During that year Mrs. Woodbury was once suspended entirely from the church rolls, and again admitted "on probation." Many letters passed between her and the Leader during the troublesome period.

"Those awful reports about you," wrote Mrs. Eddy, "namely that your last child was illegitimate, etc., I again and again tried to suppress that report; also for what you tried to make people believe; namely, that that child was an immaculate conception, . . . and you replied that it was incarnated with the Devil."

In another letter Mrs. Eddy wrote, "Now, dear student, try one year not to tell a single falsehood, or to practise one cheat, or to break the decalogue. . . ."

And in another letter, "Now mark what I say. This is your last chance, and you will succeed in getting back, and should. But this I warn you, to stop falsifying, and living unpurely in thought, in vile schemes, in fraudulent money-getting, etc. I speak plainly even as the need is.

"I am not ignorant of your sins, and I am trying to have you in the church for protection from those temptations. . . . Remember the M. A. M. which you say in your letter causes you to sin, is not idle, and will cause you to repeat them, and so turn you again from the church, unless you pray God to keep you from falling into the foul snare."

In 1896, Fred. D. Chamberlain of Augusta, Me., where Mrs. Eddy had a large summer following, brought suit against Mrs. Woodbury for alienation of his wife's affections. The Boston *Traveler* ran a sensational story of this suit, which involved the claims made in regard to the birth of Mrs. Woodbury's son, and published interviews with George Macomber and H. E. Jones of Augusta who declared that their wives had believed in the immaculate conception of Mrs. Woodbury's child, and wishing to make gifts to the little Prince, had urged their husbands to buy stock in an "air-engine" which Mr. Woodbury was exploiting. The *Traveler* also stated that Evelyn I. Rowe of Augusta had brought suit for divorce against her husband upon the ground of non-support, claiming that all of his earnings went toward the education and

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support of Mrs. Woodbury's son, "Prince," whom Mr. Rowe believed to have been immaculately conceived. Mrs. Woodbury promptly sued the *Traveler* for criminal libel, but lost her case.

Although Mrs. Woodbury had been on the very verge of achieving full membership in the church, this last notoriety was too much. In March of 1896 she was "forever excommunicated" from the Mother Church.

During the period of Mrs. Woodbury's suspension from the rolls the previous year, she had continued to occupy the pew she had paid for at the Sunday services. But the congregation turned a cold shoulder upon her; and the story goes that so much were the members annoyed by the sight of the little "Prince of Peace," that he was finally led from the Sunday School by the collar of his royal blue velvet suit.

Mrs. Woodbury, who still apparently believed in miracles, published the following year a small book entitled *War in Heaven,* by which she must have hoped to reinstate herself in the good graces of the Leader, since it is filled with protestations of her allegiance to Christian Science and her long obedience to and continued love for Mrs. Eddy. Her motives are a little difficult to follow. But the book bears one illuminating thought, sufficiently candid in statement for us to grasp.

"Here this narrative approaches a crucial point. On the morning of June 11, 1890, there was born to me a baby boy; though, till his sharp birth-cry saluted my ears, I had not realized that prospective maternity was the interpretation of preceding months of poignant physical discomfort, not unreasonably attributed to other physiological causes and changes,—growing out of my age, and former reliance upon medical opinion,—pointing in the direction of some fungoid formation.

"Even the doctor, contemplating our unpreparedness, could not help an exclamation of surprise; though not the mother absorbed his attention, but the child in its wholesome beauty and serene atmosphere.

"An hour after the birth I rose and bathed." Etc. Etc.

THE DEDICATION of the Mother Church took place on January 6, 1895.

"With simple ceremonies, four times repeated, in the presence of four different congregations, aggregating nearly six thousand persons, the unique and

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JOSEPHINE CURTIS WOODBURY

Whose disciples believed that her child, "The Prince of Peace" had been immaculately conceived

costly edifice erected in Boston at Norway and Falmouth Streets as a home for The First Church of Christ, Scientist, and a testimonial to the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science, Rev. Mary Baker Eddy, was yesterday dedicated to the worship of God.

"The structure came forth from the hands of the artisans with every stone paid for—with an appeal, not for more money, but for a cessation of the tide of contributions which continued to flow in after the full amount needed was received."

So began the long account in the Boston *Herald* of the following day. Newspapers in every city of the United States carried the news of the new Christian Science church which had appeared in Boston, sprung up almost over night, "a miracle in stone," as many writers said.

The world, so ready to smile and scoff before, was now duly impressed. Astonishment, and not a little of that deference approaching awe which is always to be evoked by the miracle made so substantially manifest, were present in the press reports. Christian Science was no longer a little band of fanatics to furnish amusement to the outside world; it was now "a new religion in our midst" which "whether we accept its tenets in their entirety or not, must be taken into serious account."

Descriptions of the exterior and the interior of the church were carried in all reports:

"Located on a triangular spot of ground, the design a Romanesque tower with a circular front and an octagonal form, accented by stone porticos and turreted corners. . . . The auditorium, with a seating capacity of 1500, the 'Mother's Room,' designed for the exclusive use of Mrs. Eddy, the Directors' Room, and the vestry with its great sunburst illumination, were the principal features. . . . The stairways were of rose pink marble, with marble approaches, the galleries richly paneled in relief, the organ and choir gallery spacious and rich, the organ, the gift of a single individual, was of vast compass, with aeolian attachments, and cost $11,000. . . . a votive offering of gratitude for the healing of the wife of the donor. . . . The chime of bells includes fifteen, of fine range and perfect tone. The many stained glass windows, symbolical of the mission of Jesus, and the mission of Christian Science and its founder; one telling its pictorial story of the four Marys—the mother of Jesus, Mary annointing the head of Jesus, Mary washing the feet of Jesus,

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Controlling the Business Cycle

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

Last week Mr. Scroggs passed on the value of business prophecy. This week he analyzes a related subject; the business cycle

THE TITLE of this article carries two assumptions: (1) that there are business cycles, and (2) that they can be controlled. There are those who deny the first assumption, and there are others who accept the first, but are in doubt as to the second. When Secretary Lamont submitted the annual report of the Department of Commerce a short time ago he called attention to the fact that for eight years general business has experienced "neither sharp booms nor slumps." Those who are skeptical of the existence of business cycles are disposed to regard this as attesting the correctness of their views.

It is true that the idea of cycles in business had a greater vogue a few years ago than it seems to have to-day. The relative stability of recent times has naturally caused less attention to be paid than formerly to the rhythmical fluctuations in the business curve, and when the boom in the stock market last year was at its peak it actually became fashionable in Wall Street to deny the existence of the cycle.

Whether we call them cycles or give them some other name, the fact remains that for more than a century there have been recurrent swings in this country from prosperity to depression and back again, and that in recent years the violence of these swings has been greatly mitigated. The typical business cycle has four distinct stages. Let us consider first the prosperity, or boom, stage. Here business expands, profits exceed expectations, employment increases, wages advance, bank loans multiply and prices go up. Merchants and manufacturers lay in heavy stocks in order to forestall a further rise in prices, and this extra buying tends to force prices still higher. Living costs rise, and workers become discontented and demand higher wages. As employers are bidding against one another for labor as well as for materials, the workers get their increase, and this tends to give prices another fillip. It now requires more money and more credit to transact a given volume of business. The banks lend freely at first, but eventually they must protect their cash reserves by raising interest rates. The tightening of credit finally forces liquidation; prices break, the value of inventories shrinks, orders for goods are canceled, profits disappear, factories shut down or go on part time, and there is unemployment. The cycle has now entered its second stage, that of crisis.

The crisis usually passes in a few weeks and is followed by the third stage of the cycle, that of depression, in which business remains slack and unemployment continues to be a problem. Eventually, however, the skies begin to brighten. People must finally buy new clothes and other necessities, and so merchants begin to replenish their stocks and factories get new orders. The fourth stage of the cycle, that of recovery, has now set in. Confidence gradually returns; factories take on more workers, and before long there may be talk of another boom. One business cycle has run its course, and a new one has begun.

TO MANY people this is an old story, and some insist that it is not only old but that the tendencies which it describes are now obsolete; that business has changed its habits, and that the once-familiar cyclical movements have gone the way of Prince Albert coats and beefsteak breakfasts. If this is true, if crises, depressions, unemployment and hard times have been eliminated, then the time has come for socialists, single-taxers and other economic reformers to shut up shop and join with the upholders of the existing order in singing a *Te Deum*.

But this is simply too good to be true. The fact that the country has experienced only moderate fluctuations in business since 1921 does not prove that the magnitude of cyclical fluctuations has been permanently diminished. It does seem to indicate, however, that business is not at present so much at the mercy of these uncontrolled economic influences as it once was. We seem to have learned something about the way in which the cycle works and to be able to some extent to control it. The Federal Reserve System, with its development of co-ordinated banking policies, has done much to facilitate this control. So has the Department of Commerce with its publication of data relating to production, sales, stocks and unfilled orders, and so have the trade associations and other private agencies which are collecting and interpreting economic data for members or clients.

Possessing this information, business leaders are like the mariner forewarned of the weather. The country had a good illustration of the value of this watching and warning in the spring of 1923, when one of the old-fashioned booms seemed to be in the making. Commodity prices soared on speculative buying, and there were signs everywhere of incipient inflation. But memories of 1921 were still fresh, and when the Department of Commerce called attention to certain unsound features in the situation and banks began to exercise a more rigid scrutiny over loans the boom spirit quickly subsided and a possible crisis was avoided.

An even more intensive effort to control the business cycle was launched by Mr. Hoover last November, immediately after the crash in the stock market. The purpose was to prevent the crisis in Wall Street from spreading into the field of general business. Railway executives, captains of industry and finance, labor leaders and the heads of farmers' organizations were summoned to a series of conferences. Pledges were given that the construction programs of basic industries would be maintained or enlarged, that wages would not be reduced and that no new wage disputes would be initiated.

The control of the business cycle contemplated by this action constitutes a unique economic and social experiment, conducted on a truly gigantic scale and intended, as Mr. Hoover said, to remove the spectre of unemployment from millions of homes. As these lines are penned there is increasing evidence of a downward trend in business activity. If the great experiment succeeds, the recession will be mild, and its success will do much to justify the belief that the experiences of 1893, 1907 and 1921 need never be repeated. But the recent wild excesses in the stock market should warn us that eternal vigilance is the price of business stability.

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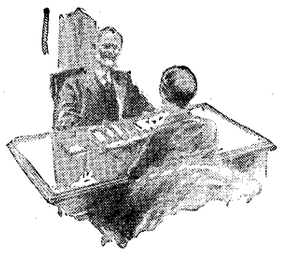
"She saw the point—and her investments still bring her in a sure income, year after year"

M. T. GILMORE, President of the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank, tells how he diagnosed a family's financial needs . . . and how they profited by it.



"Mrs. J's predicament was one which bothers a lot of us"

"MRS. J's predicament was one which bothers lots of us," said Mr. Gilmore with a smile. "Her income, she told me, just didn't go far enough!

"Mrs. J was not a widow. Her husband had a moderate salary. But with three children . . . now and then a sickness . . . the dentist . . . the old car getting wheezy . . . even when you added the small independent income Mrs. J herself possessed, the money didn't seem to keep pace with things.

"She came in to talk to me one day some years ago. She said many of her friends were making investments which 'doubled their money'. She wanted some such magic solution for *her* problem.

"'But that isn't the way for you to invest, Mrs. J,' I told her. 'You need to have a definite amount coming in—that you can *count* on. And you really can't afford to risk losing your principal, can you?'

"I analyzed her situation for her and showed her ways in which she could increase her income and yet safeguard her principal.

"'Well selected bonds are the best thing for you,' I told her.

"She saw the point—and that little family has balanced its outgo with its income without resorting to speculation—which *for them* would certainly have been a dangerous game.

"All but one child is now through school—and Mrs. J's increased income, coming in regularly every month, is now giving to her husband and herself a lot of the little luxuries they've always wanted."

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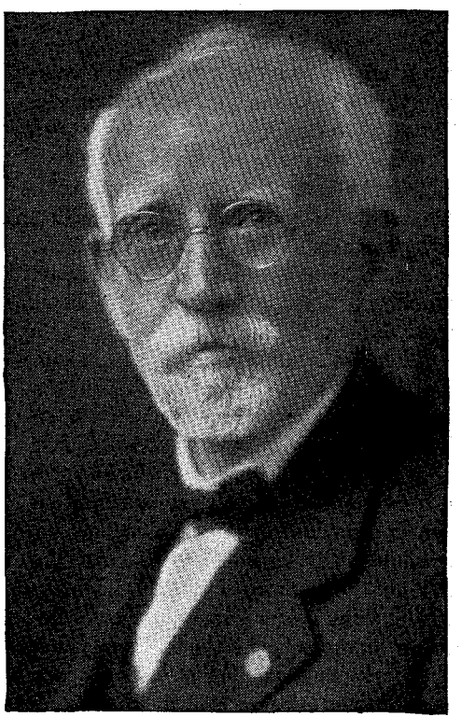

M. T. GILMORE, *President of the San Diego Trust and Savings Bank, has long occupied a place of leadership in the affairs of this prosperous California city. For many years he has been identified with its civic as well as its industrial development.*

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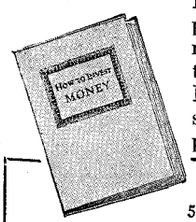

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The Newspapers and Sport

By JOHN R. TUNIS

WERE there such a thing as an award for the best sporting story of the year, I know to whom my vote would go. Not to any sports writer; but to Mr. Robert C. Benchley for his amusing yarn in the *New Yorker* last month about one Albert Booth. Therein he pointed out that the sports writers for the big eastern dailies had glorified and magnified Mr. Booth, until through no fault of his own, he resembled a composite of Galahad, Jack Dempsey, Charles Paddock, Bobby Jones, and Frank Merriwell at Yale, which is exactly where the young gentleman was starring. Generally the sporting experts gave us the impression that the score of the last game of their season would be Booth University 49, Harvard 0.

Then, as Mr. Benchley pointed out, Booth pulled the meanest trick of the season by laying down completely on his boy friends who had elevated him to the heights of fame. With the score 0-0 in the first quarter and the ball on the Harvard fifteen yard line, he was sent in with the stage all set for the big act, to kick a field goal. Unfortunately his garter came down or something happened and the kick only got as far as some opponent's chest. To make matters worse Harvard then proceeded to match 80 yards over, around and through Mr. Booth to a touchdown that won the game.

Funnier still, suggested Mr. Benchley, were the efforts of the sporting writers to explain away their hero's misdeeds the next morning. Mr. Booth had a bad leg, he was sick, he was cold, the ground was slippery, he was sent in without warming up, he was sent in with too many clothes on, he was not sent in soon enough, he should not have been sent in at all, a naughty Harvard man grabbed him by the neck of his sweater, and so forth and so forth. Very distressing, unless you were a humorist like Mr. Benchley and could see how delightedly amusing it was.

Naturally it is asking too much of the newspapers to expect them to hire humorists for their sports pages; but is it asking too much to expect them to hire good reporters? Where were they, for instance, when Clark "Bud" McBride, the Nebraska halfback, gave out that amazing interview in which he declared that football players were "just monkeys at a circus," and in which he explained the inside of the football business, how much time day and night the game demanded, how the player got nothing, materially, spiritually and intellectually from his contact with the sport? With the exception of Mr. Walter E. Christenson of the Omaha *World-Herald,* most of the leading sports writers of the country fumbled the ball pretty badly on this story, as they did when Mr. Jefferson S. Burrus, Jr., of the University of Wisconsin wrote that bitter, incisive, and symptomatic pamphlet entitled "The Present Intercollegiate Athletic System," in which he showed up the exploitation of the American undergraduate as if he was a fighting cock or a mad bull, and also portrayed graphically the viciousness of the American sports racket from the inside.

WHERE were the sporting writers of the country on these two stories? They were busy telling us that "The Big Red Team came into its own yesterday afternoon upon University Field before 85,000 frenzied football fanatics when in the dying glory of a setting sun the eleven heroes from Wampus University crashed, smashed, slashed and battered their way to a stirring victory that made the Football Gods in Valhalla. . . ."

Well, you know how the song goes, write your own words.

We are continually told that the trouble with sports writing in this country is that newspapermen are underpaid.

Are they, one wonders, underpaid or overpaid? In the big metropolitan dailies they receive anywhere from a hundred to two hundred a week for a formula of drivel that combines the mentality of a grammar school youngster with the literary ability of a lad on a high school weekly.

On the other hand, it is always possible to get a good laugh out of the sporting pages, so perhaps they are not overpaid after all.

Certainly one of the best of the season's laughs was saved for the journey to Palo Alto which the West Point eleven made to play Stanford. En route the special train which transported Coach Jones and the Army team carried along several highly priced metropolitan sporting writers, and their daily comment across the continent was worth not hundreds but thousands a week to any one with vestiges of a sense of humor. For this is the sort of thing the sporting columns of a big New York daily carried each morning:

"FLAGSTAFF, Ariz. (California bound with Jones's Army). The Army football battalion descended on the desert this afternoon and furnished the wildest, weirdest scene the jack-rabbits and coyotes and prairie dogs had ever looked upon. There was no one else to see.

"Rolling through the sage-brush country, a hundred miles from civilization, Coach Biff Jones had a sudden inspiration and ordered the special train carrying his football squad to the Pacific Coast to stop. He reeled off a string of orders and in less time than it takes a country hook-and-ladder company to get to a three-alarm fire the desert was converted into a practice field.

"Footballs were tumbled out of canvas sacks and four elevens were called off. Up and down the prairie they ran, shouting signals, passing, punting and furnishing sights that men go miles to see and for which thousands throng the giant stadiums of the country. But the only spectators were the wild things that skidded and scurried out of reach as fast as they could, awed and dismayed at the sudden interruption to their peaceful lives.

"Years from now some horseman, riding through the lonely range, may come upon a strange leather object and wonder what manner of animal it had been. Perhaps he will take it back and wise men will argue about it, when all the time it will be the remains of a football, lost and deserted in the middle of the prairie by the Army football squad on this historic trip."

Well, there is one sportswriter who is not overpaid; he adds his meet to the entertainment and enjoyment of our daily life, and after all, what more can you ask of any one than that?

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Men and War

WHEN the time comes, twenty or thirty years from now, for an appraisal of the literature of the great war the Germans, of whose work most readers now think first, will have to meet powerful British competition. In *All Our Yesterdays* (Harper, $2.50) H. M. Tomlinson has written a war novel larger in scope and socially more valuable in content than any which has come out of another country. This reviewer wishes that she had the power to speed it upon a long and honorable life. It is unfortunately not likely to capture the popular imagination as some war books have; but it should be widely read, and those who do read it will praise and cherish and reread, for it is an enriching book, free from sentiment as from cynicism and bitterness. *All Our Yesterdays* goes by name of a novel but it is hardly that, although the same fictitious characters move through a series of incidents beginning with the Boer War and ending with a post-war visit to the Flanders front. Strongly characterized, rich as figures used for a definite purpose can be, they are men selected from different walks of English life, placed in different positions and subjected to different ordeals for the purposes of Tomlinson's theme. From the launching of a dread-naught just before the Boer War, Tomlinson draws his threads, through the first half of the book, to a convergence in August, 1914. The second half is given to the War. Tomlinson suggests, describes, analyzes the states of mind as well as the events of those yesterdays which lighted fools, noble and ignoble, to their deaths. And then he shows their dying. Every part of the War is in the book. There is the war-office, the press rooms, the London tea-parties, G.H.Q. There are ship-wrights and refugees, nurses and officers, French inn-keepers and common soldiers. Every scene has the force and clarity of perfect truth.

We have become accustomed to putting all the blame for the War upon the shoulders of the high and mighty. Tomlinson distributes it more generally. He pictures the war appetite, whetted by propaganda but very strong, of the English middle-classes. He pictures the cynicism of politicians, the blindness of rich and great, the indifference of philosophers, the hopelessness of those not blind to the way things were going. He carries these same people into the War and shows their diverse ways of meeting a common fate. He writes of the political-wise, the social-wise, the financial-wise, but mainly of men who are wise with the wisdom of schooled and sober spirit; men who saw truth without her garment of slogans, economic necessities and "cold facts," freed from her encumbrances of flags, stocks and bonds, legal papers and even vestments. And such is Tomlinson's wisdom.

From "God's Man," a novel in wood cuts by Lynde Ward (Cage & Smith)

Tomlinson's work is strikingly masculine. His prose is virile and disciplined. His scenes thoroughly male. He writes of men triumphant in defeat. And his men are grand. They are solid in a whirling universe. In a London newspaper office, in an East Indian forest, in a murky Flanders trench they are clear and real when everything else is shadowy and oppressive as an evil dream. This is the basic theme of all of Tomlinson's work; the awful unreality of events and the sublime reality of man.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

THE SUBJECT of *Coronet,* by Manuel Komroff (Coward-McCann, $3), is such a one as is a temptation of Tantalus to novelists whose interest is in incident and theme rather than in chronicle and character. With a load of symbolism, usually carried easily, Komroff gives a vivid resumé of the progressive collapse of aristocracy in the last four hundred years. A coronet and a whip and a song, recurring for centuries upon the lips of the down-trodden, are his symbols. They appear for the first time in Renaissance Florence, the whip in the hands of a boorish Russian princeling, the coronet on the work-bench of a master-goldsmith. The song is first sung by two old women, cheated by hog-butcher Malavolta. Malavolta pushes aristocracy into its first down-curve. He corners the Florentine pig market, ruins the goldsmith and buys for his wife the daughter of an ancient, fallen house. But the whip goes back to Russia, and the coronet to France with the Count of Senlis. They are next heard of in Napoleonic France, where the coronet falls into the hands of Jobey, scavenger of Senlis, and the whip, picked up by Napoleon upon a Russian battle-field, joins it in an antiquarian's show-window. The song is

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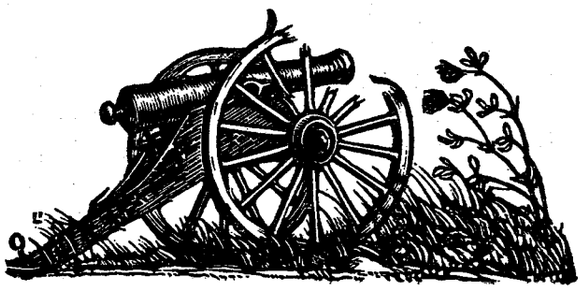
sung by Senlis peasants, and reverberates across Russian ice in the death-rattle of Napoleon's empire. The Napoleonic era and its conclusion have effected another curve on the line of Aristocracy. Out of that period rises the Aristocracy of Career, taking in France a practical and in Russia an emotional turn. The whip and coronet next appear as the cherished possessions of a Russian idealist, friend of Chopin and Balzac; and again, in nineteen-hundred, they are seen against a background of students, Nietzschean supermen. Finally, the collapse of Czarist rule brings back the song, a paean of victory from millions of throats, and buries the whip deep in an unmarked grave; while the coronet, through the medium of the scavenger's descendants, finds its way back to France and into the unsuspecting hands of the last of the Senlis family. Through him, the coronet goes to Chicago where another hog-butcher, Mallet, buys it and its owner for his daughter, and Aristocracy is done.

No rough outline can suggest the rich variety of a narrative made up of many separate stories. The theme which ties the stories together is obvious, a little threadbare, even. The machinery of the symbolism creaks occasionally. But Manuel Komroff is a fine story teller and a master at descriptive detail. His Renaissance, Russian revolution and Eighteen-thirty Parisian stories are good. But his story of Napoleon's Russian débâcle is magnificent. Only the scene of Napoleon's ride and soliloquy is over-pretentious and somewhat hysterical. In all the shorter incidents, the technique of the modern stage is seen. Komroff's irony is weak, but his handling of the age-old themes of greed, lust for power and vague idealism is powerful and effective. This reviewer found *Coronet* splendid reading but scarcely a triumph of the *novelist's* art.

There is enough sensation and sentiment in *Mothers Cry,* by Helen Grace Carlisle (Harper, $2.50), to make it a best-seller. But the novel is not only sensational and sentimental. It is authentic in scene, with one exception, in character, in quality of humor and tragedy and in language. It is a narrative in the first person, in which the narrator, faced at fifty with the problem of moving, penniless, God knows where, clears out the store-rooms of her house and of her mind. She begins with the day when, a cash-girl, she fell in love with a clerk in the department store. Her marriage, her four babies, her housekeeping fill the happy pages of her memory. Then come the sad ones. Her husband was killed in an accident and she had years of struggle, supporting and raising her children. They turned out strangely. One daughter went rejoicing into new marriage and motherhood. One son was an architect of genius. The other daughter was a modern girl. And the other son, a murderer. The mother finds these children, all lost at last, in the store-room of her memory, and finds, there, too, the heart to say—"I had had my struggle and I had had my suffering and I was rich with struggle and rich with suffering for I was rich with life."



Decoration by J. J. Lankes from "A Victorian Village" by Lizette Woodworth Reese (Farrar & Rinehart)

The philosophy of life which exalts the development of the individual's personality above all other good as a rule stands in opposition to that which exalts the continuance of life as against any development of individual personality. It is interesting to find the two harmonized in *Mothers Cry.* Miss Carlisle writes in a formless stream of memory style, running narrative, reflection and comment together with little punctuation. This reviewer finds that such a style makes ugly writing and confusing reading. But it makes, in this particular volume, for power and a ring of truth. Reflection destroys some of the truth. One begins to question the springing up from Williams soil of such flowers as Beaty and Artie, the memory of a mother who could report conversations which she could not have understood. But these details are forgotten in one's admiration for the author's sympathy and understanding and for the control of emotion which she displays.

Iron Man, by W. R. Burnett (Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press, $2.50), is a dramatic narrative told almost entirely in dialogue. After the appearance of his first book, Burnett was commonly described as a minor Hemingway. The master, however, is well past the point beyond which the disciple seems likely to follow. Burnett tells a rough and tough story well, using a bold poster technique and hard abrupt language. Having written first about gangsters, he now writes about prize-fighters, their hangers-on and friends. The story of *Iron Man* is less startlingly tragic than that of *Little Caesar* but more touching. The friendship between the Iron Man and Regan, his manager, is a real and moving thing, and the reader feels personally concerned and personally hurt when it is broken up by a no-count female. The scenes and characters are full blooded,

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

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Fiction

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. A warmly human story of young genius in New York marked by brilliant analysis. Reviewed Nov. 20.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War. Reviewed Oct. 16.

Diana, by Emil Ludwig: Viking. Michael Arlen, German style. Reviewed Dec. 18.

A Gallery of Women, by Theodore Dreiser: Liveright. Objective, mature and brilliant portraits of fifteen women. Reviewed Dec. 18.

Non-Fiction

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Daring adventures dramatically told for the rocking-chair traveller. Reviewed Dec. 25.

Richelieu, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. A brilliant, highly readable historical essay with an interesting comparison of Richelieu to Bismarck. Reviewed Nov. 20.

Marriage and Morals, by Bertrand Russell: Liveright. A courageous and valuable study of modern marriage. Reviewed Oct. 23.

Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times, by Bernard Fay: Little, Brown. An intelligent Frenchman's portrait of the father of the modern business man. Reviewed Jan. 1.

Europe in Zigzags, by Sisley Huddleston: Lippincott. Diverting gossip about famous people abroad. Reviewed Jan. 1.

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the dialogue appropriate and realistic. The novel is slight in tone though honest and fresh in conception. It is no more than an expanded short story. And when it comes to short-stories about prize-fighters, Ring Lardner's *The Champion* is still the best.

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katharine Brush, (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00), is the story of Toby McLean who loved his wife but couldn't say no to Puff Randolph, a "Gilded Child" of Manhattan! This tale of the marriage of a newspaper playboy is told with such swift deftness and humor that it stands out as something more than just another novel about people who live in studio apartments and have impromptu parties, unpaid bills and broken hearts. Much brittle conversation covers the pathetic attempts of these lovable young people to form a pattern of living in a metropolitan city.

False Spring, by Beatrice Kean Seymour (Knopf $2.50), is the story of Virginia, another of those lonely English girls, like the heroine of *Dusty Answer,* reared in a seclusion incredible to Americans with our fenceless lawns and our lives almost equally innocent of barriers or privacies. This dreadful isolation in the heart of right little tight little island England confirms the suspicion of at least one reader that within the country homes of England, however beautiful they stand, life is a good deal of a bore not to say a horror, and that rose-red Tudor bricks or Jacobean paneling do not suffice if the life is to be more than meat or the body than raiment. Little English children, growing up in closed gardens come out from behind their walls ill-fortified to cope with a chaotic world. Virginia receives her dusty answer when she comes a cropper at seventeen, deceived by the glamour of a false spring. She therefore has to forego her real Fruhlingserwachen. As a contented middle-aged woman she relives the tragedy of her own youth in the experience of her son's fiancee only to find that the world does move and that to her son and his generation, virginity in itself does not matter. This is a thoughtful and well-written novel, if not strikingly original or richly imaginative.

In his new novel *Footloose McGarnigal* (Knopf $2.50), Harvey Ferguson relates the adventures of a foot-loose youth who wanders from New York to New Mexico and back again. He sees life in the artist colonies of Santa Fé and Taos and incidentally there is some amusing comment on the thinly veiled personalities of those communities. McGarnigal soon wearies alike of the exotic and arty and the great open spaces and he accordingly wires a girl in New York for a dinner date and the novel ends thus with none too subtle implications. Some very good writing has gone into the making of this book which is entertaining although unimportant.

The scene of *The Midnight Bell,* by Patrick Hamilton (Little Brown $2.50), is a London "pub" where Bob the waiter plays out his poignant drama. This is a really fine story of aspiration, failure, despair and the re birth of hope in a valiant soul, against the background of London slums. Both Bob and Ella the barmaid are authentic creations.

From "A Victorian Village"

Behind the Blurbs

EXAMPLES of stupidity and ineptitude are not so infrequent in the daily round as to call for special comment, but when a genius enters the field, his words are worth chronicling. Two sentences in a letter received by a certain publisher from a large charitable organization seem to us to reveal a genius of the first order. As quoted in the *Publishers' Weekly* they read: "We are anxious to have a circulating library, and I am writing to ask if you have any unsalable books you would like to donate to it. I believe you specialize in this kind of book and we will be glad to accept any you send." Parenthetically, this is one of the best arguments against organized charity we have ever seen. ☙ ☙ ☙ The honor list for January: Book League—Gamaliel Bradford's *Daughters of Eve;* Junior Literary Guild—Faith Baldwin's *Judy: A Story of Divine Corners;* Literary Guild—Manuel Komroff's *Coronet;* Religious Book Club—R. J. Campbell's *Livingstone;* Detective Story Club—Anthony Gilbert's *Mystery of the Open Window;* Business Book League—Count Harry Kessler's *Walther Rathenau: His Life and Work;* Book of the Month Club—W. R. Burnett's *Iron Man;* Limited Editions Club—Whittier's *Snow-Bound.* Probably we've left out a couple. ☙ ☙ ☙ We look forward to the publication by Macmillan in the spring of a life of John Wanamaker by Joseph H. Appel. For there's a thing that has always puzzled us. Every day in the upper left hand corner of the Wanamaker store ads appears a little gem of thought, "from the Writings of the Founder." We want to know how, in the midst of a busy life, the Founder found time to turn out these hundreds of—oh what, without appearing too fulsome, can we call them but Gems? And we want to know where in the Founder's writings they are to be found. We only hope that the Life will include the Writings, and then we can read them all at once. Though that would be frightfully stimulating. ☙ ☙ ☙ We have two thrillers to report on—one fair, one good. The fair one is *The Black*[1], Edgar Wallace's last—or by the time you read this, his next to the last. It's all about a gentlemanly American burglar and a wicked, half mad English burglee, if we may so refer to him, since all the burglaries were directed at him. These two fight a running duel from England to Morocco, with complications by Inspector Marborne, Lady Joan Carston, the Shereef Sadi Hafiz and others. An average Wallace. Queen Mary is said to buy Wallaces six at a time for King George, if that means anything to you. ☙ ☙ ☙ The good thriller is *Still Waters* , by F. F. Van de Water. It's the story of Richard York, who returning drunk to his home town with a chance-met stranger, becomes involved in a bootlegging war, is charged with killing his uncle, then breaks jail, and with the aid of the D. A.'s lovely daughter clears himself after much fighting and rough-housing, and nails the criminal. Lively, well written and logical.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Crime Club $2.

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Nationality and "Pet" Nations

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SPEAKING of British policy in the Balkans, just after the War, a clever Englishman said that the trouble was not so much that England has backed the wrong horse as that England insisted on backing nations as though they were horses. This is a common Anglo-Saxon vice. It would be easy to name a dozen Englishmen or Americans who have adopted some "pet" nation and who plead its cause at all seasons.

Two recent books on nationality indicate the nature of the problem. According to Professor Gooch, who has written the foreword to Bernard Joseph's *Nationality: Its Nature and Problem* (Yale University Press), "nationality is the necessary link between man and humanity," a complex political, racial, economic and territorial amalgam which keeps the human race coherent. On the other hand, Mr. Joseph himself doubts that the Americans are a nation:

"The Americans (he writes) are in many respects so similar to other nationalities, in particular to the English, as to make one hesitate to classify them definitely as a distinct nationality. The question whether they are a distinct nationality is to this day indeterminate."

As for kinship with the English, Ambassador Spring Rice, who knew the United States better than any British diplomat save Lord Bryce, informed the propaganda service of the British Foreign Office (*The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice*. A Record. Edited by Stephen Gwyn. Houghton Mifflin Co.) that ". . . . we wrongly suppose, because they talk our language, they are an Anglo-Saxon people. As a matter of fact they are a foreign nation, or rather several foreign nations. None of these nations is particularly friendly to us, and those of them who are of our race have very particular reasons for disliking us. It would be wiser to bear this in mind and to treat the American people not as cousins, still less as brothers, an attribution which they would greatly resent, but as English-speaking foreigners. . ."

Never the less, the notion that the American people do not constitute a nation persists and is at the bottom of some of the more radical international misunderstandings since the War. As Pitman B. Potter points out in *This World of Nations* (Macmillan):

"We may note that no European power proposes to substitute world welfare for national advantage as its goal in life. If the governments of Europe are surprised at our course it is only because they somehow acquired the idea that we commonly acted upon altruistic rather than upon selfish motives ourselves."

If highly organized selfishness is the criterion of nationalism, there is perhaps some justification for the view that Americans possess no nationality; yet an unbroken record of one hundred and fifty years of aggrandizement suggests that even this argument is untenable; when real American interests are involved, the United States reacts as promptly and as vigorously as any other political organism.

WHILE it is possibly unfair to dismiss two such sound and enlightening studies as those by Messrs. Joseph and Potter, as a mere introduction to the discussion of another subject, the real interest of nationality lies in policy, just as the real interest of character lies in action. Here we come to the subject of "pet" nations. The writers who put out books to establish a "pet" predilection or a "pet" antipathy have, unfortunately, been legion. Emil Ludwig's *July '14* (Putnam) affords a good illustration. Herr Ludwig is enough of a realist to share the war-guilt with other nations than Germany; he is, however, obsessed with the idea that the Ballplatz and St. Petersburg supplied the real men who caused the War, Berchtold and Iswolski, and that the Kaiser aided and abetted them. This, in the face of Sidney Fay's masterly analysis of the situation in 1914, is insufficient. *July '14* is a good popular account of some of the things that happened. It is not inclusive and is not conclusive. Ludwig's "down" on the ex-Kaiser is being carried too far.

The case against this sort of publicist becomes still stronger with Hamilton Fish Armstrong's *Where the East Begins* (Harpers). Mr. Armstrong has adopted the Kingdom of Jugoslavia, a fine country and one inhabited by a vigorous and expansive-minded race, the race that occasioned the World War, in fact. Mr. Armstrong pays them a visit and adopts all the quarrels, all the prejudices, all the ambitions, not merely of the nation, but also of the group in control of that nation; and he attempts to color the American mind with the result. It is a pity. Mr. Armstrong is a good observer and, for an American, he has an unusual knowledge of the Balkans. His observations and his knowledge, however, are enlisted in behalf of the party in power in only one out of the five Balkan nations, which makes *Where the East Begins* mere personal propaganda where it might have been something a great deal better than publicity for the virile Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

On the other hand, Mr. Armstrong's brochure is mild compared with C. Hartley Grattan's *Why We Fought* (Vanguard Press). Mr. Grattan is a Canadian-American. He goes whole hog for the Harry Elmer Barnes school of thought and is consumed with a burning contempt for the diplomatic antics of Walter Hines Page at the Court of St. James'. Mr. Grattan's book brings up-to-date the whole propaganda-cum-hysterics thesis of American participation in the War against the Central Powers. He has done a competent, compact and interesting job. It is thoroughly documented and, so far as the action of the United States in promoting its ulterior national interests by war as an instrument of policy can be dismissed on purely mechanistic grounds, he proves his case. Ambassador Page is "dat ole debbil" to Mr. Grattan. That diplomat's egregious indiscretions, his disobedience of orders, his virtual position of His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for American Affairs are thoroughly aired. Page is not left a leg to stand on. And yet—Page was right, dead right, though for entirely the wrong reason, and every sensible American editor, publicist and diplomat knows it.

And that, so it seems, is the weakness and strength of the "pet" nation theory. Naïve emotion is a poor guide to international policy and yet, naïve emotion is what arouses nations to battle and dictates the peace after the battle. Diplomats are supposed to be superior to naïve emotion, but when—like Page—they pick the right nation and the right emotion, schools of international relations are founded in their name and they become the symbols of international friendship.

JOHN CARTER.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

PEOPLE who like intellectual ideas presented to them in the theatre, without any particularly clear solution of the question propounded, will find considerable stimulation in S. N. Behrman's *Meteor* at the Theatre Guild. But most others, we imagine, will vote it pretty doubtful entertainment—mainly because it starts out to be one sort of play and ends by trying to be another; and succeeds meanwhile only by fits and starts.

If you remember, *Serena Blandish* had a touch of the same uncertainty.

Meteor is more flagrant. For the hero starts out, at college, able, intuitively, to know what is going to happen—to see the future itself; a sort of modern Peter Standish of Herald Square, a little affrighted by his own power but powerfully reinforced in his ego because of it.

He ends by being just a sort of combination Jess Livermore and Commodore Vanderbilt, dealing in South American oil with the gestures and intensity of an egomaniac. Which somehow throws you off the scent.

For the original conception has definite emotional as well as psychological values in the theatre. The mystery of personality is inherent in it, and the emotions are oddly excited by its possibilities. The limits of humanity's unconscious mind are no longer easily set. But the play as it is written departs from the dramatic promise of the first act curtain and becomes something else.

This something else, handled throughout an entire play would also make a most interesting dramatic speculation. Is the super successful business man, who obeys the demands of his ego and gradually shuts himself away from all human affections and relationships merely an egomaniac absorbed in winning a game? A Napoleon following his star?

This is the play Mr. Behrman has written during his last two acts, at any rate—and with some surprisingly dramatic effects which include one moment at least of supreme suspense. Gradually the thread of the ability to see the future wears thin until one wonders if the first act is correctly remembered. Proved at last to have been only a mirage, one is angered by the remembrance of the first act curtain. And Lo! one is seeing the climax of another play—a good play, and a whacking climax; but one for which the audience has not been properly prepared.

Above all else stands the art of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. As the withdrawn, emotionally starved wife of this Wall Street prodigy it is difficult to believe Miss Fontanne was the capricious Viennese mistress in *Caprice*. Here, too, is Alfred Lunt, a new actor, so far as most of his methods go.

We begin to wonder about the Theatre Guild, were it deprived of these two.

But Mr. Behrman does not come off so well. And it is a pity that he does not. For no fair minded person can enjoy the many excellent moments of *Meteor* and not realize that here is one of the few genuinely intelligent minds in the American theatre. Intuition and a rare sort of intellectual perception go into the making of the last tragic scene between this egomaniac, the Meteor, and his wife. The trouble seems to be that Mr. Behrman, when he comes to his final climaxes, is willing to be carried away by any passing dramatic fancy—instead of allowing his characters to be pushed on to the inevitable drama they have created for themselves.

As a result, intellect and drama remain present—but the illusion of real life departs.

Meanwhile *Woof Woof* a new musical show has come and, we trust, gone; and Miss Draper has arrived once more in town, with her entire company in her hat—and some new playlets on her list; sufficient to make a visit to her theatre a necessity for anybody who went last year.

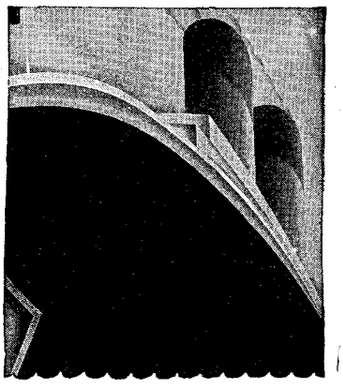
As for *Top Speed*, at least one thing can be said for that new musical piece. It is the first to solve the question of dance steps and the new fashions! Otherwise it seemed only mediocre.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Many Waters
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- It's a Wise Child
- Berkeley Square
- Fifty Million Frenchmen
- Sons o' Guns

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:
- Gambling
- Silver Swan
- Heads Up
- Sketch Book
- Follow Thru
- Candle Light
- June Moon
- Veneer
- Game of Love and Death

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:
- Jenny
- How's Your Health
- Street Singer
- Criminal Code
- A Wonderful Night
- Mendel Inc.
- Young Sinners
- Salt Water



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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

TO MANY OF US the League of Nations remains largely an abstraction, partly because it is a long way to Geneva and partly because we are ignorant of what has been accomplished there. In the leading article of the next issue, "After the First Decade," Wickham Steed tells how he was converted from an opponent to a supporter of the League and describes some of the active work at Geneva. Mr. Steed is editor of the English *Review of Reviews* and was formerly editor of the London *Times*.

CRITICIZING THE Senate has long been a common form of the great American sport of back seat driving. Furthermore it must be admitted that many of the solons are fair game. Recent events, however, point, paradoxically enough, to the conclusion that in many ways the Senate has developed a distinctly liberal tendency. In "In Praise of the Senate" Harold Brayman shows how the personal insurgency of many Senators has become a safeguard against the machine politics of the House of Representatives. Mr. Brayman is Washington correspondent for the New York *Evening Post*.

ALTHOUGH MUCH discussion has taken place over the relative merits of English and American universities, few of us have been able to attend both. We feel, however, that there are more Americans who have attended Oxford or Cambridge than Englishmen who have studied at any of the prominent American universities. Accordingly we are glad to announce "Oxford is Rather Better" by H. L. Puxley. Mr. Puxley is a graduate of Oxford now at Yale. His article describes his reactions to American educational methods.

WE REGRET TO announce that the next instalment of Mrs. Springer's biography of Mary Baker Eddy will be the last. In spite of several protests which have come to our attention we hope our readers have enjoyed Mrs. Springer's book as much as we have. We expect to announce another biography very shortly.

The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Devil May Care"

ROMANCE HAS BEEN a long time absent from the screen and I have a feeling that this mild and pleasantly sentimental film with Ramon Novarro singing to lovely ladies as he clambers up trellises to their chambers, is but the fore-runner of a great wave of lace swishing and sword swinging. Not that *Devil May Care* comes to much either as history or as a story—it is a tuneful film operetta and not much else.

We have had plenty of sex recently, of course. Clara Bow has repeatedly taken off everything the censors would allow, and we have inspected the legs of every last Hollywood chorus girl in gigantic closeups. What this picture offers is just good old fashioned romance—and director Sidney Franklin has introduced the songs with such skill that you don't mind them a bit. In this he has been more successful than was Herr Lubitsch with his *Love Parade*. The problem of getting a lady or a gentleman into a song without killing the story has been worrying directors ever since sound came in. Mr. Franklin has succeeded.

Mr. Novarro's lady friend is Dorothy Jordan, a pretty young thing who wears her frills nicely and screams politely when required.

Devil May Care deals with a Napoleonic sympathizer during his leader's stay on Elba. The story ends just as Napoleon is restored to power, saving the scenario writer a lot of nasty problems. The whole thing is done for romantic effect and makes no pretensions whatever to historical accuracy. Mr. Novarro has an extremely pleasant singing voice.

"Sally"

MR. FLORENZ ZIEGFELD is not adding much to his reputation as a musical comedy impresario by selling his productions to Hollywood. *Sally* has been transferred almost intact to the talking - out - loud screen with Marilyn Miller and Joe E. Brown, but it is not infrequently a good solid bore, in spite of the graceful Miss Miller. The screen is too lively to long tolerate such an antique and slow-moving form as the musical comedy.

"Dynamite"

WORDS FAIL me entirely in describing Cecil DeMille's latest and first all-talking effort. The once apostle of the flaming bathtub has taken upon himself a fantastically melodramatic piece showing, in the long run, that the honest poverty of an humble coal miner is infinitely more decent than the wild debauchery of high society folk who chat about polo ponies, drink gin, and exchange husbands. Charles Bickford is the honest coal miner, Kay Johnson the lady who learns the virtues of poverty and Conrad Nagle the worthless society youth who also loves the girl.

The story features a wild "society" party, scenes in a death house where a man is awaiting hanging, a mine explosion and about every variety of false emotion and just plain guff known since printing was invented. Others listed on the cast are "Three Wise Fools," "Young Vultures," and "Good Mixers."

"Seven Keys to Baldpate"

YEARS AND YEARS ago when you and I were just little tads everybody was laughing at **Earl** Derr Biggers mystery farce concerning a pulp-paper fiction artist who retired to a "lonely" summer resort in the dead of winter to write a book on a bet.

At present you may see the good-natured Richard Dix in a talking film of this same old play, and for all its age it is moderate entertainment, even today. Mr. Dix is one of those magnetic people like Babe Ruth; he beams at the audience and the audience chuckles back. Possibly Mr. Dix does not act at all—he goes through gestures and speaks lines—but this is sufficient for his immense and enthusiastic following.

Worth Seeing

Disraeli: George Arliss in an exact reproduction of his notable stage success.

Condemned: Ronald Colman and Ann Harding playing at being on a convict island—not very convincing.

The Love Parade: Maurice Chevalier in a generally good musical film. Lubitsch directed.

The Taming of the Shrew: Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in Shakespeare's rousing comedy.

Hunting Tigers in India: Good elephant pictures made by the Museum of Natural History.

The Virginian: A thumping western talkie with a fine and convincing performance by Gary Cooper. Well worth a visit.

The Show of Shows: The Warners advertise "77 stars". The picture lasts about two hours. Figure out how much time each star has.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Cure

IN ALL HIS eight years he could not remember ever having felt so sick as now. And he had been in bed (it seemed to him) ever since last summer. Soon the winter would be gone.

"But it's only a week," his mother kept telling him, "all you have to do is count up. Monday, Tuesday—"

There was no use arguing about it. He knew better than they did about almost everything, but they wouldn't listen to him. Right now, he knew exactly how to get rid of his cold. If he should get up, put on his warm clothes and go whistling down the avenue into the movie house—the cold would disappear in a second, to say nothing of strengthening his legs. All he needed was a movie or two to make him feel like himself again.

But only this afternoon his mother had said anxiously, "Now promise me you won't get up? I'll just be gone a few minutes." He had smiled at her quietly and promised. So here he lay with nothing to do but stare at the ceiling.

After he had stared for about a year he jumped suddenly. Something was scratching at the door. He knew almost everybody in the apartment house, but he knew no one who scratched at the door before knocking. Maybe it was a cat. Maybe—he sat up in bed with the excitement of it—it was burglars!

The scratch at the door became bolder and—did he imagine it? Or was the knob turning slightly before his eyes? He had never seen a burglar, in real life. But from the movies he had learned the best manner of dealing with them.

The scratching at the door was much louder now; but as he swung his feet over the side of the bed he was filled with a great calm. He stood up cautiously upon his legs and found that he could still use them. Relieved by this, he walked resolutely to the window and lifted the lower sash.

The day was beautiful and cold and full of sunshine, and the boy who was too sick to get out of bed drew a deep breath of joy and climbed upon the window sill. Taking a tight grip upon the frame he swung himself expertly upon the fire escape and started the climb downward to the next landing. There he paused and knocked upon the window pane. After a polite moment as no one answered, he stooped, lifted the window and stepped inside. He looked about. . . . well, where was the telephone?

With the receiver at his ear, "Yes sir," he said (as he had often heard himself saying inside the movie house) "burglars are working at this address. Please send up the police. Thank you sir." And having repeated the address, to satisfy the gentleman at the other end, he walked back to the window.

Down beside the curb a Ford car was waiting. The burglar's car! He drew a deep breath of anticipation and delight. That car, innocent and vacant in the street, might have been an opening caption upon the screen; only this time he was running the picture.

A sound of footsteps in the hall—the voices of neighbors high and excited—the sound of men running. He pressed his nose flat against the window pane staring—staring into the street. His heart beat sickeningly inside his stomach. The door opened suddenly behind him, but he did not turn his head.

"For heaven sake, what are you doing here?" asked a voice, "did you know there was men upstairs trying to—trying to—"

He only pointed into the street where four strange men were climbing into that empty car. The neighbor stared in the direction of his pointing finger.

For turning into the block was a police car, bluecoats hanging from its windows. They were gazing strangely at the apartment house. The small boy behind the pane of glass found his breath suddenly. "There they go!" he yelled through the glass "chase 'em cops!" For the Ford by now was half way down the block. And the police car, as if it had heard his voice, never even paused.

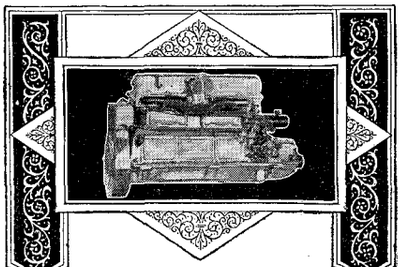
The window open, he and the neighbor, side by side, watched them go—roaring—staggering—careening down the street until the Ford turned off the avenue with the police car after it.

The room was full of neighbors. His mother was pushing her way towards him. She pulled him by the arm and forgot to feel his forehead, seeming to be as breathless as himself. "Oh!" she kept saying to herself. "Oh!" But never scolded him at all. People kept coming in, and presently a man pushed inside importantly and announced. "We got three of them." Then he looked searchingly around the room. "Who was it," he wanted to know, "that telephoned the police? In another minute they'd have had the door jimmied."

But the small boy turned at that and hid his face upon his mother's shoulder. It was true then. It was real, and he hadn't imagined it. It wasn't a movie. It was real. They kept crowding around him—like an audience—and talking to him until the doctor arrived.

"Well," said the doctor after he had looked him over, "he seems greatly improved to me. I don't see why he has to stay in bed."

Even the doctor was real!



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La Jeritza

By PITTS SANBORN

Every third week Mr. Sanborn, now music critic for the New York "Telegram" will offer an objective portrait of some figure in the world of music. This week he offers Maria Jeritza, "my favorite acrobat among the sopranos"

IN THEORY Mr. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera Company may be as skeptical as a Toscanini about stars. An impresario of his years and experience has a right to be a skeptic and has learned to hold his tongue. But there is one entity that he knows supremely well — the box-office. On Christmas Eve of 1920 Caruso sang his last Metropolitan performance. Thereupon, the box-office fell ill too. Managers might doubt and critics rave, but for years two stars in their courses had speeded the intake of operatic gold —Enrico Caruso and Geraldine Farrar. Caruso had sung his last. Man or woman, a new star had to be.

In November of that year Maria Jeritza, a soprano from the Vienna Staatsoper, appeared upon the Metropolitan stage. Her conquest was immediate. The house that heard this dazzling débutante listened with its eyes. Overnight Jeritza became the talk of the town.

My favorite acrobat among sopranos and my favorite soprano among acrobats, Jeritza from the first has triumphed physically. Stature, strength, and muscular control are as palpable as her piquant features and her glistening fairness. At her getaway she bounded to a table-top and down again, nearly six feet of her, and danced like a West Indian tornado. That was in *Die tote Stadt*. She turned her lights upon *Cavalleria Rusticana*, rolled down a dozen steps, and all but breached the church in her two-fisted rage. In *Tosca*, after a whirling marathon around police headquarters, she lay face to the floor and addressed the Queen of Heaven in lyric prayer.

Her first Thaïs observed conversion to the Christian faith by a standing high jump that landed the diva in hospital. However, she came bravely out to jump again. When she disclosed her Carmen to New York she did a reverse Tosca by singing (as it were) the "Seguidilla" flat on her back on a kitchen table. Personally, I prefer Mme. Jeritza's restrained and lovely art in the rôle of the saintly Elisabeth and her delicious and versatile comedy as the boy Octavian in *Der Rosenkavalier*. This is not to say that I am at all insensible to the thrill of her athletic demonstrations. And as for the public, there's no question about what *they* want. All of which indicates clearly enough that Maria Jeritza is endowed with the patent, if indefinable, gift which goes under the threadbare name of personality.

She is also that special darling of the gods whose luck it is to achieve a

MME. JERITZA
As Minnie in "The Girl of the Golden West"

legend in her lifetime. Long before she came to New York, rumors had reached us of the glittering pageant of her Danubian existence, with all the traditional features that range from Bacchic supper parties to fabulous stores of the sheerest household linen. As a matter of fact, the Jeritza who inhabits New York seems to be anything but the tempestuous divinity of the overseas taradiddle.

She arrived here as the wife of the Baron von Popper, who, being the son of Blanche Marchesi and the grandson of Mathilde Marchesi, teacher of Melba, Calvé, Eames, and a host of other singers, can point to an eminent musical genealogy. She lives in what may prudently be described as tranquil comfort at the St. Regis, a sober homebody, aside from her serious operatic vocation; keeping her muscles firm and free through Swedish movements and fencing; taking due time for her charities; by way of diversion, playing bridge with sedate matrons or, when railroading over to the Philadelphia Academy of Music, with the genial assistant general manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Edward Ziegler. Her summers she spends upon her estate among the mountains and lakes of Upper Austria, where she and her husband swim, ride horseback, and take long hikes, for La Jeritza is no partisan of exercise by motor. "The only things that count in my life," I have heard her say, "are my art and my audiences, and I must keep faith with them."

Now a word as to the early days of our heroine, lest silence here incur behavioristic wrath. There are prating tongues that tell of a beer garden at Brno and a prospecting manager who saw in a tall blonde Kellnerin just the type he wanted for a certain musical show. "Can you sing?" he asked. She proved it. In this apocryphal tale, of common occurrence in the folklore of *prime donne*, I take no stock. Mme. Jeritza telling her own story fills those years with convent. And at the convent she studied music, thoroughly, profoundly, not mere gymnastics of the voice. She mastered harmony, counterpoint, fugue, instrumentation. She can compose, she can conduct. Yes, she *can* conduct. How often at the Metropolitan I have wished she would!

I need hardly say that this woman, learned in the arts of life and tone, can tell you the why of what she does. Her choice, as this season's new rôle, of Minnie in the moribund *Fanciulla del West* astonished me. I let her know, mildly, my surprise. The diva lowered her lids upon her cerulean eyes and tipped back her hoydenish golden head. "Oh, I *love* Minnie! I *love* her! I *feel* her!" Gently she beat clenched hands above the region of her heart. "I feel her from here!... from here!"

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The Church Triumphant

(Continued from Page 65)

Mary at the resurrection; and the woman spoken of in the Apocalypse, chapter 12, God-crowned."

"The 'Mother's Room,' furnished by donations of money from 'The Busy Bee,' the children's society, was of the most elaborate richness and elegance. The floor of mosaic, with a border of fig leaves bearing fruit; the furniture upholstered in white and gold, the frames of white mahogany elaborately carved; a superb mantle of onyx, and before the hearth a large rug composed entirely of the skins of the eider-down duck, brought from the arctic regions. A large bay window of three separate panels depicts the life work of Mrs. Eddy, the central one representing her seated at her table in the old sky-light room at Lynn, engaged in searching the Scriptures. Through the open skylight the Star of Bethlehem sheds its rays upon her. Before this window hangs the Athenian votive lamp, to be kept always burning. Two alcoves give off the room, one a retiring room, and one a lavatory. The plumbing is of heavily plated gold."

Mrs. Eddy was not present at the dedication of her church, but sent instead the first of those "dedicatory messages," which were later to be read at the dedication of Christian Science churches throughout the world. The reason given for her absence was that she wished to avoid the personal adulation of her followers. Rumor said that Mrs. Eddy, now seventy-four, was suffering one of her illnesses, and unable to attend. Her message, read by Mrs. Bemis, informed her people that "being with you in spirit, what need that I should be present in *propria personа?* Were I present, methinks I should be much like the Queen of Sheba, when she saw the house Solomon had erected. In the expressive language of Holy Writ, 'There was no more spirit in her;' and she said, 'Behold, the half was not told me: thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard.'"

The message was familiar, loving, proud, humble, and oratorical, and in it Mrs. Eddy may be seen more truly than if she had been present in *propria persona.* "No longer," said she, "are we of the church militant, but of the church triumphant; and with Job of old we exclaim, 'Yet in my flesh shall I see God.'" She paid her respects to prominent persons who had given her encouragement, quoting their words, and the circumstances in detail; expressed her love for Boston, "and especially the laws of the state whereof this city is the capital," and gave praise to God for the demonstration of this "prayer in stone."

For the first time on that day the service now used in all Christian Science churches was instituted in the Mother Church. Alternate passages were read from *Science and Health* and the Bible by Judge Septimus J. Hanna and Dr. Foster Eddy, the president of the Mother Church.

"The dragon is at last stung to death by his own malice: but how many periods of torture it may take to remove all sin, must depend upon sin's obduracy" read Judge Hanna from *Science and Health.* And Foster Eddy responded from "Revelation:"

"And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child."

And again from *Science and Health;* and again from "Revelation:"

"And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood, after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away by the flood. And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed up the flood which the dragon had cast out of his mouth."

Great was the effect of these sonorous prophesies, now so plainly fulfilled.

If it be true that "The Mother," as she was henceforth to be called, lay ill at Pleasant View during the reading of that service, she could visualize the scene, and hear in imagination the sound of her own words read. Her own, and the Word of God—no other—the Scriptures of her Church. If she lay ill, it may be that, as she often told her household, she was suffering in her body the birth of a new idea for the guidance of her Church.

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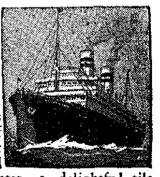

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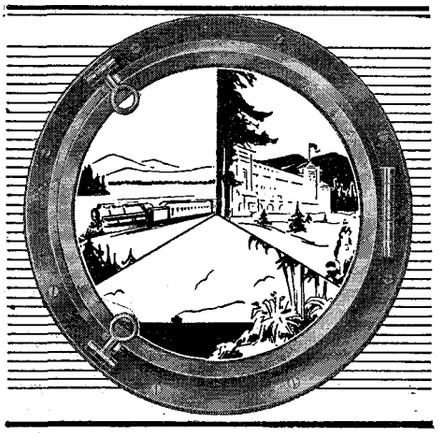

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In New York Augusta Stetson, who had been preaching to great congregations and was about to dedicate her newly finished Forty-eighth Street Church, stepped down from her pulpit without a word. In Chicago the pastor of the enormous congregation there, also about to take possession of their new church, yielded up her pulpit without a word. In Denver it was the same. In every local church, however small, it was the voice of a reader, not a leader, that the congregation thenceforth heard. And the words they heard intoned were the words of the one Leader, "The Mother" at Pleasant View, which together with corresponding passages from the Bible, "constitute a sermon undivorced from truth, uncontaminated or fettered by human hypotheses, and authorized by Christ."

(To Be Concluded)

Miss Peach Blossom; 1930

(Continued from Page 51)

of the world. Many of them have returned to China with a string of degrees added to their names, and professions to follow. They have learned from the West what the status of a woman as a citizen really means, and are now ready to tackle many of the difficult problems once faced only by the members of the stronger sex.

During the last few years, in spite of protests by their parents, the almond-eyed little ladies have gone wholeheartedly into the field of business, so that one finds them nowadays busily occupied from behind the department store counters to the managerial desks. Banking seems to be the branch of business in which these young women take preference. It may be of interest to note that there is a successful banking institution in Shanghai managed and run by the members of the fair sex. In the professions, they have also filled their quota. One meets in the large cities doctors, dentists, educators, and even authors, who are as capable as their men rivals.

Though somewhat a product of the Jazz Age, and in many respects not unlike the American flapper, yet the modern Chinese maiden seems still to retain her inherited fine sense of modesty, her elusive ways and subtle manners. Believing implicitly that men are hunters, and that they are never happy unless they are in a chase, she shrewdly plays the part of the hunted, whenever her intuition tells her to. She seldom employs the bolder method of taking the initiative, even when she is desperately in love with a man, but is satisfied to use her femininity, her charm, and her delicate sense of humor to induce him to start the chase. Fully realizing that a woman's virtue is the foremost ideal still treasured by the stronger sex of her race, she does not "neck" with a man until he has shown a very tender affection for her; and even then she does it only with a passive submissive ardor, so that it would be almost impossible for him to tell if she is being kissed for the first time in her life!

The modern Chinese maiden is not so vivacious, emotional, and vibrant as her American sister; and therefore she must appear less colorful; but her very reserve shows that she is really the more suave and poised woman of the world. Aware of the fact that she must hold some mystery all the while to delight and evoke the imagination of her hunter, she is not willing to reveal to him any sign of physical or emotional immodesty, so that to him, she would always be somewhat of an adventure. Furthermore, she realizes that sophistication does not lie in the willingness of being just "a good fellow," and that without femininity and graciousness—the inherent charm of a woman—all her beauty of face and form would be to little avail.

Education in the South

(Continued from Page 49)

closed so clearly.

The rank of education in the southern states is kept low, of course, in part by the negro. Their general attitude toward his education lies close to the root of the whole problem, as one editor has so well said; and the failure of state legislatures to bring the schools up closer to the average standards of the nation is apparently due in part, at least, to a reluctance to apply those standards to negro schools.

Education in the South is also retarded by the political character of its administration. The chief state school officers (and many county school officers) are selected on a strictly political basis in all the states that formed the Confederacy and in all except one they are still selected by popular vote, as their high sheriffs and constables are selected, a method which prevents the prescription of educational and professional qualifications. These officers are identified, therefore, with partisan politics and bound to party pledges. Although he occupies potentially a most strategic position for moral and educational leadership, actually the state superintendent of schools is often practically as helpless as the Grand Kleagle of the K.K.K. would be at the Eucharistic Congress.

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But worse than the belief that the South is too poor to afford standard educational facilities for all the children, worse than the negro and the increased burden which the dual school system entails, and worse even (if anything can be worse) than partisan politics in public educational machinery and mediocrity in public educational management, are the handicaps of provincial prejudice and complacency. These social insanities help to perpetuate educational backwardness in the South. Satisfaction with what we have done during the last three decades blinds us to the things we should do now. The South is in grave danger of ballyhooing itself into further backwardness. Educational inequalities are in some respects as glaring now as they were twenty-five years ago, but the professional southerner does not hesitate to describe as "conspicuous achievements" many educational improvements which would pass unnoticed in really advanced states. Exaggerated claims of progress by influential southern leaders are frequently taken in the South as actual defenses of its educational shortcomings.

In the early part of this year a prominent official of a southern state, speaking in the capital of an adjoining state, was quoted as declaring that his commonwealth "ranks first among the states of the union in almost every particular." The people of his state last year spent more than one hundred million dollars for motor cars and paid into the Federal Treasury more taxes than any other state in the union except New York; but it maintains for one-third of its children an annual school term of only one hundred and twenty days, has more automobiles than public library books, allows in industry the sixty-hour working week, the twelve-hour working day, night work for women, and the fourth grade clause in its child labor law. The governor of a high spirited commonwealth was quoted last year as saying: "The schools of this state are perfect." Measured by accepted standards, however, and not by gubernatorial fancies the state of which he was boasting cannot go much lower in the educational scale without again leaving the union.

The southern states have advanced in education. They certainly needed to do that, but not one of them is yet an educationally advanced state, measured by national standards. These states need to make more progress, and the need is cumulative. The times demand an increased and increasing investment of funds and of trained leadership in education of all, white and black. But the Pollyanna boosters will not help these states to attain to national standards. Already one of them has begun to pay the penalty for extravagant praise and flattery. Last year some of its educational institutions were "cut off with a shilling" not because of their delinquency but probably because the members of the Legislature believed these bedtime stories and that the educational task in the state was finished. The loud beating of the tom-toms about where the South believes it leads may stop its ears to the truth about where it actually lags.

Disguise the truth as we may, throw the blame wherever we will, on the twin calamities of the Civil War and the tragic era of reconstruction, on the predominantly rural character of the South, on the presence of the negro, on real or fancied poverty, on the climate, that is, on geography and therefore on God, no matter how we seek to excuse our deficiencies, these remain obvious to even the most casual observer. And whatever the cause of the South's backwardness in education, the affliction itself stifles industry, represses effort, discourages enterprise, weakens the desire for excellence, and makes us satisfied with second-rate achievements.

The New World Bank

(Continued from Page 46)

the commercial banks, the savings banks, and the private banks. J. P. Morgan and Company, for instance, is an example of a private bank.

Occasionally private bankers have rudely declined to support the programs of their central banks. More than a year ago, for instance, our Federal Reserve Bank decided that the stock market was out of control. It counseled orderly deflation of prices. Certain of our great financiers notoriously refused to co-operate, and the November panic in Wall Street was needed to convince them that the Federal Reserve Bank knew what it was talking about. Rigging the stock market, and loaning money to foreign governments, however, are two different things. When negotiations for a foreign loan are under way, private bankers, here and in every other country, have shown themselves very willing to take orders.

If the Bank of International Settlements should embark on a policy of discouraging loans for warlike purposes, there would, therefore, seem reason to believe that it would meet with a great deal of success. The pressure which it would bring to bear would be exerted, most prosaicly, in the ordinary routine of each day's business, but this pressure would be felt by every needy and bellicose government in the world.

THERE ARE TWO groups of nations which the Bank of International Settlements could do nothing about. The first group is the United States, England and France—the three rich nations of the earth—and the second is their allies. Certain of the loans obtained by members of the Little Entente from France, for instance, were not ordinary commercial transactions. They were made for strictly diplomatic reasons. French bankers had no choice but to approve them, and the Bank of

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International Settlements, if it had existed, could not have stopped them.

Right here is the answer to the question of how far an American president of the Bank of International Settlements could go, and would try to go, in preventing a nation from starting on a militaristic orgy. As long as the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States, the Bank of England and the *Banque de France* are behind him, he can attempt a great deal, and he will probably be successful. If these banks are not behind him, he probably will not be successful.

The United States, England and France do not need to borrow abroad in order to build 10,000 ton cruisers and maintain armies. If these three nations decide to arm themselves to the teeth, nothing can prevent them from doing it. If, in the pursuit of what they conceive to be their national interests, they wish to arm other countries, as France wished to arm the Little Entente, nothing can prevent them from doing that, either. These three nations are rich, and being rich, they can do what they please.

The good sense of their citizens alone can keep peace among the United States, England and France. And, in doing this, they will find the Bank of International Settlements a very useful instrument. It will be the business of the Bank to straighten out the economic rivalries among the three countries—and it was economic rivalry, much more than naval parity, which caused the recent estrangement between England and us. So, too, it was the ending of the economic rivalry between the French and German steel-makers which recently permitted the evacuation of the Ruhr, and the consequent better feeling between France and Germany.

Even in the case of the three rich countries, the president of the Bank of International Settlements, by persuading the representatives of their central banks to work together on his board of directors, and to learn to know each other, can be, if he wants to, a potent force for peace.

The Bank of International Settlements has nothing whatever to do with League of Nations. Advocates of the League have timidly suggested that these two organizations belong together, but these suggestions have been universally frowned on. Article 16 of the Covenant of the League, the so-called "economic sanctions" clause, provides that "the Members of the League. . . . hereby undertake immediately to subject it (a Covenant-breaking State) to the severance of all trade of financial relations. . . and the prohibition of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the Covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a member of the League or not."

Perhaps the League and the Bank never will be joined in action. If they ever should be, however, the effect would be tremendous. The job of enforcing Article 16 obviously belongs to the president of the Bank of International Settlements. With a weapon like that in his hands, this banker would come very close to being the temporary dictator of the world. There would be no need of soldiers nor of ships of war. The world bank, and the world's banking system, alone, could keep the peace of nations.

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